

ANGLO- SOVIET JOURNAL

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THE ANGLO-SOVIET JOURNAL

January 1968

Editor: M. Hookham

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Editorial

The new editorial board set up at the last Council meeting of the Society has selected for this number of the Journal a collection of articles and translations on literature and the arts. The board intends to try to produce similar collections in other fields in occasional numbers of the Journal in future and welcomes suggestions from the readers for these.

The selection of two short stories and the poems translated from the Russian is intended to furnish some examples of recent trends in Soviet writing. This is a field in which controversy now rages and an attempt has been made to bring some light into the argument. The board has in mind that the function of the Journal is to serve as a forum for the expression of views on cultural matters from this country and from the Soviet Union and comments from our readers will be of considerable help to the board in ensuring that it performs this function well.

We have just heard that Jack Lindsay and Robert Dalglish are among 37 writers awarded the Badge of Honour by the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the USSR for their valuable work in translating Soviet fiction over many years. We convey to them our warmest congratulations.

OUR NEW EDITOR

Maurice Hookham, B.Sc.(Econ.), a member of the Society for many years, is a lecturer in politics at the University of Leicester and a former President of The Association of University Teachers. His most recent works include the introduction to Osipov's 'Industry and Labour in the USSR' which is reviewed in this issue, and the main article, 'Reflections on the Russian Revolution' in *International Affairs*, October 1967.

Katayev and his Critics

By ROBERT DAGLISH

When I asked Katayev if he thought his latest work had been understood in the West he made one of those characteristically Russian gestures of dismissal. "They will talk politics all the time," he said wryly. He was referring, I think, mainly to *The Times* reviews and the introduction to the English translation of *The Holy Well*.

It is an odd situation, and one that must genuinely puzzle some Soviet writers, when Western critics who shudder at any expression of overt political opinion in a novel or verse are observed to be hard at work digging for political allusions in the work of Soviet writers. It would be amusing to see Edward Crankshaw probing for signs of resistance to the régime in the current work of, say, Kingsley Amis and dismissing him as a 'trusty' when the search proved fruitless. But such things simply don't happen. Specialisation and the cold war have bred a strain of politico-literary critic whose activities, perhaps mercifully, are confined to Soviet and East European studies.

It might be argued that the Soviet critic's approach to art is always political, but surely there is a great difference between consistent Marxist literary criticism and borrowing one's opponents' principles when it suits one and dropping them when it doesn't. But even consistent political analysis of literature has its limitations, for, as Solzhenitsyn has pointed out, it is in the nature of the creative artist to grasp by sheer intuition what can be formulated as political theory only much later. Sinyavsky has been hailed as a genius by some and convicted as a criminal by others. His writings reveal that he is neither and deserves neither literary canonisation nor political imprisonment. The fact is that his importance as a writer and a thinker has been exaggerated out of all proportion by the efforts of the political hatchet-swingers on both sides of the fence. If we are ever to understand what Soviet literature is about our analysis must be more subtle and more patient.

The refreshing thing about Katayev's last two books *The Holy Well*¹ and *The Grass of Oblivion*² is that everyone seems to have a different opinion about them and the favourable and unfavourable judgments come from quite unexpected quarters. Katayev has been voted the most controversial writer of the year and his latest work is to be discussed at length in the next issue of *Voprosy Literatury* (Problems of Literature). From what I have heard already the battle will be over such points as whether the actual writing is good or bad. Is the treatment of Bunin, Mayakovsky and others fair? Is not Katayev being too pretentious in putting himself on the same level as these great figures, in writing of their personal failings as well as their public merits? Yevtushenko is reported as having described the first of these books as a work of genius. On the pages of *Yunost* (the youth magazine Katayev himself founded) Vasily Aksyonov takes issue with a critic who thinks Katayev writes 'without pain.' At a friend's house I was told by one of those thoughtful, well-read engineers, of which there are so many in this country, 'It really is very distinguished prose.' A girl in

¹ English translation Harvill and Co., 1967.

² Translated in *Soviet Literature* 1968 (Nos. 1 and 2).

a long-distance train put aside the German best-seller she had been devouring to sample my copy of *The Holy Well*. 'Artistically he seems to be not quite up to it,' she commented. An English student of Russian literature said, 'I shall never forgive him for what he did to Bunin.' Yet *The Times* thought Katayev's defence of Bunin touching. Personal reactions differ so widely it is almost as if people had been reading different books on the same subject.

This question of pretentiousness is fascinating. An English publisher who had read the chapters on Bunin said, 'I particularly liked the self-deprecating attitude Katayev himself adopts.' Yet, in Russia the cry is often that Katayev in describing others makes too much of himself. Here, of course, we are up against the fact that for decades now Soviet literary memoirs have been almost completely self-effacing. If one's subject was great it just was not done to intrude one's own personality and certainly not to mention his scraggy neck, his moments of selfishness or the fact that he suffered from piles.

In any case the modern Russian's attitude to Bunin is complex. Here was a splendid writer, even a great one, better than Alexei Tolstoy, almost as good as Chekhov, certainly no mere counter-revolutionary officer or politician, and yet for some reason he had been unable to accept the revolution, had turned against it and cut himself off for ever from his own country. How had it happened? It would be a mistake to imagine that Russians, even Communist Russians, automatically attribute the fault in such cases to the other side. How had they lost him, how could a man of such integrity, such human insight have failed to understand them? And then there was the mystery of what he had written since, the books for which he had been awarded the Nobel Prize. What were they like and how could foreigners understand them? Surely that marvellous 'symphonic prose' could be fully appreciated only in Russian and by Russians? Although he is now being published again in large editions and in five- and eight-volume collections, Bunin's honest intransigence and supreme artistic skill linger like the echo of some irretrievably beautiful music in Russian minds.

And here is Katayev breaking into this dream with the equally intransigent voice of experience, of personal knowledge. And the same thing, or something similar, happens to Mayakovsky. The old, accepted images are suddenly enormously magnified, the angle of vision changes and a new, almost stereoscopic picture emerges.

To achieve this new angle Katayev has invented a new style of writing called *mauvisme*. In *The Holy Well* he describes it as follows: '... I am the founder of the latest literary school, the *mauvistes*, from the French *mauvais*—bad—the essence of which is that since everyone nowadays writes very well, you must write badly, as badly as possible, and then you will attract attention; of course, it is not so easy to learn to write badly because the competition is hellish, but the game is worth the candle and if you really learn to write rottenly, worse than anyone else, your world popularity is assured.'

Talking to a few of us who have been translating his books, Katayev refused to be tied down to any closer definition of his new approach. But in the course of the conversation he did expand it considerably. No, *mauvisme* was not just a joke. In a sense, it could even be described as a higher stage of socialist realism. For ten years, during the period of Stalin worship, Soviet aesthetics remained at a complete standstill, and even today critics

and writers are hampered by patterns of thought that are essentially idealistic. They are guided by the intellect rather than the senses. They may acknowledge materialism, the primacy of matter in theory, but in practice they no longer trust the evidence of their senses. *Mauvisme* offers release from the strait-jacket of old-fashioned concepts and a return to immediacy of feeling without which art cannot live.

‘After all,’ Katayev went on, ‘we are not just anybody, we are Soviet people.’ And coming from him the phrase sounded quite unlike the standard newspaper slogan, for the next thing he said was, ‘We have passed through exceptionally cruel and bloody wars and revolution, we have survived, we have ventured into outer space.’ What Soviet people feel and think cannot, and should not, be forced into preconceived patterns; but they themselves must learn to trust their immediate reactions.

But this new emphasis on the primacy of matter does not drag us into a dull world of sober reality. On the contrary, we suddenly realise that we still do not know much about matter. Nor do we know what time is or how memory works. Then why should a novel follow the usual chronological rules? Why should it even be logical?

Katayev believes not only in matter as the primary and eternal source of life but also in the emanations of matter and speaks quite freely of the soul and of reincarnation as the artistic act of naming these emanations. All this is not at all so weird as it sounds. By introducing these imponderables into his narrative he brings us into an entirely convincing reality in which only some things are known and the rest is yet to be discovered.

He is frequently asked whether he is not merely imitating the techniques of Western writers like Joyce and Proust. *The Times* reviewer suggests that his new approach may appear sensational to his fellow countrymen but is all too familiar in the West. Katayev’s answer is that these techniques began in Russian literature as far back as Gogol and Dostoyevsky, long before they were tried out in the West. His contribution lies in their application to the new consciousness that has arisen in Soviet years.

Katayev does not spend all his time day-dreaming regardless of time and space amid the named and unnamed emanations of matter, scraps of recollected verse, legends, religious rites, but he is determined to give them their place; his picture would be incomplete without them. At the same time he can be incisively logical and aware of the period. On Mayakovsky’s connection with the Proletarian Writers’ Association, for instance:

‘Most of them had no interest whatever in the living Mayakovsky as a person, as a very complex and contradictory poet, someone as independent and alone as Pushkin. For them, as he had been in the past for the Futurists, including LEF, he was a lucky find, a very useful leader, a man with tremendous driving force, behind whose broad back one could sneak without a ticket into the history of Russian literature.’

Or on Bunin:

‘But the absence of any moral pressure from outside meant that Bunin ceased to choose a point of application for his abilities, his spiritual energies. He was unable to grapple with the “thousand-headed hydra of empiricism,” of which Goethe had spoken, and it swallowed him up, or rather, he was blown to pieces by it, like a deep-water fish that has grown accustomed to a pressure of tens, hundreds, perhaps thousands of atmospheres and suddenly finds itself on the surface, experiencing practically no pressure at all.’

And the slices of Mayakovsky's, Bunin's, Mandelstam's, Khlebnikov's verse that he works into his pastiche are all in some not immediately obvious way driving a point home.

I washed at night in a yard
All frozen up with stars,
Each ray bright and hard
As salt upon an axe . . .
Like salt a star melts and chars
The icy water blacker still.
So is death made cleaner,
And saltier ill,
Juster the earth—
And more terrible.

Incidentally, all the verse quotations, like this one from Mandelstam, are written as prose, without line endings.

Katayev may not yet have founded what could really be called a new school among Soviet writers, although some notable young writers, Aksyonov and Yevtushenko, are delighted with his new approach. He certainly has advanced the art of combining biography and autobiography. In so doing he shows the essential falsity in the work of the critic who hides behind a string of political slogans or literary axioms. Katayev does not merely state his position; he portrays it. In *The Grass of Oblivion* he introduces himself quite frankly as an invented character called Rurik Pcholkín. After the revolution this Pcholkín, an ex-army officer and young poet, is sent around the villages to recruit rural correspondents for the new Soviet press. While doing so he falls into the hands of a band of Whiteguards and escapes a sticky end by sheer accident. He wanders about trembling with fear, utterly lost in a snowstorm.

'He was alive, but his murdered soul lay on the iron-hard earth amid the broken maize stalks awaiting resurrection, just as another fear-blackened soul of his was lying by the gun emplacements near Smorgon, and somewhere else yet another soul that had departed agonisingly from his body on a bed in a typhus hospital to the beating of buddhist drums under the sacred lamaist writing that looked like Mendeleyev's table of elements. . . . And all this—strange to say—seemed to him wonderful, magnificent, like a work of unprecedented revolutionary art, full of divine meaning and supernatural beauty.'

So much for pretentiousness.

The Times Literary Supplement writes, 'Katayev's verdict is that Bunin was wrong to leave Russia . . . And yet Katayev must know that Bunin, had he remained, would surely have suffered the fate of others of his generation: hard labour, execution or suicide.' But is this not unjust to Katayev, or, at any rate, missing the point, for Katayev who shows perfectly clearly what tremendous risks any Soviet writer who was worth his salt, and particularly Mayakovsky, encountered in the struggle to build a new literature, a new body of opinion on different principles from those of the old world. All these difficulties, all these dangers were outweighed by the joy of the few inches (call it 'great strides' if you will) of progress that have been made. And, on balance, these difficulties and dangers were infinitely preferable to the safety, the formal acknowledgment and the complete indifference that Bunin encountered in the West.

Two Short Stories

It is often said that the current Soviet literary controversy between the 'conservatives' and the 'liberals' is polarised in the two 'thick' literary monthlies—*Oktyabr* and *Novy Mir*. We therefore decided to publish, as an experiment, translations of two short stories of roughly similar length—one from each journal. They seem to us characteristic.

MELNIKOV STREET

By **LEONID PERVOMAIISKY**

*Translated by J. Riordan from 'Oktyabr,' No. 1, 1967
(originally written in Ukrainian)*

Rain, rain, rain. . . . The heavy patter from the street certainly sounded like rain, like a steady autumn downpour. The sullen cloud overhanging the town had long threatened to send its torrents crashing to earth at any moment.

On waking, she thought the dreary autumn rains had finally come; they seemed to be lashing the lone window of her room, scraping, banging and sobbing in discordant watery voices, like rivulets composing their bizarre music as they beat their dark wings against the pane.

In her sleep, Klava had sensed the languid build-up of the storm. She had awakened to find herself on a bed in a low, narrow room. Her gaze mounted the steep swell of the thick eiderdown covering her stomach. Her arms enfolded the unsightly mound as if to hide it from her own gaze. Suddenly she froze as she heard a ghastly crackling noise. Her arms paled against the brown blanket, long and thin, with thick swollen wrists and short fingers. She looked round the room, where everything was still submerged in the early morning gloom: the round table between bed and window covered by the shabby grey oilcloth with drab blue floral design, the paunchy old chest-of-drawers by the long wall, above it the clock, and the little icon in the corner. A red glow feebly pierced the icon lamp glass, and the hanging weights of the clock looked like long fir cones. Auntie Nastya had already pulled them up; the clock hands showed half-past seven.

Fear seized Klava's heart; it penetrated every fibre of her distended body. What with the terrible deluge outside, and she alone in the long coffin-like room, how was she to manage?

Where on earth could Auntie Nastya be? She had promised not to leave her alone. Yet now, when it was due at any minute, she had gone out. There was no one at the mothers' clinic to help her. The clinic itself had long disappeared. Now it was some sort of German office, with German signboard and an armed German by the sign barring everyone from within ten paces: *Zuruck! Verboten!*

Solomyenka used to have a fine clinic; they all knew her there, doctors, sisters, and nurses. But what was she to do now, all alone in the hostel? All the others had fled as the Germans approached, battling their way through Solomyenka and the Goloseyev Woods. If she had not met Auntie Nastya, whose place this was, at Lukyanov market in Melnikov Street, she would have been done for. She felt quite safe with her. Of course, it was silly to be afraid. It happened to everyone. It was probably because this was her first that it seemed so terrifying.

The deluge outside continued. And so did that strange, spine-chilling crackling. Klava carefully turned, pressed both hands against the mattress, sat up and eased down her swollen legs. Her toes touched the floor without finding her slippers. She remembered pushing them far under the bed the previous day. It was too much of an effort to bend; let them stay there. Stepping gingerly across the cold floor in her bare feet, she edged round the table to get to the window. For the moment she dared not look down at the apparently inundated roadway. She wanted first to seek the sky that had emitted both the rain and that hideous noise. Trembling, she peered out of the window. The sky was not visible. Opposite, a tall house glowed red through the bare branches of an old maple tree. From the balcony hung a wild grapevine, its roots planted in narrow green boxes. Though the vine had faded, its leaves still clung to it, darkly red, as if splattered with blood. Much to her surprise she saw from these leaves and the dusty windows of the house that it was not raining. By all appearances, the sky overhead should be clear. When the sun had climbed a little higher it should flood the street with its cold, autumnal rays. White strands of lace curtain fluttered through the open balcony door, and behind them she glimpsed the room's dark interior. What signs betrayed the presence of life in town or country, in woods or fields, in windows or doors? Nothing stirred on that balcony except a wisp of lace curtain screening the black abyss of the open door, yet she immediately felt the lurking of death and despair.

Klava tore her gaze from the awesome emptiness beyond the lace curtains and slowly looked down. From her second-storey window she could see the whole street through the maple branches—from the people painfully shuffling along the roadway to others standing on the pavement: the grey gun-pointing figures, Germans, the black ones, police. Alsatian dogs, their tongues lolling like red lambent flames, strained towards the road.

On her way home from the clinic where the German office now stood, Klava had read the Order and had immediately thought of Mossya. He too would have had to assemble at the corner of Melnikov and Degtyarev Streets, by the Jewish cemetery. It was close by, just behind the square; no, a little farther on, at the back of the old orchard, where branches of dark gangling bushes and trees overhung the greyish-yellow brick wall; the early rains had probably scattered the white and yellow leaves. Only then had she thought of herself, of her own plight, and of the child she was expecting. The baby, as if hearing and understanding her thoughts had given a sharp twist inside her. She had stood still, leaning against the rain-washed wall of a low and also, seemingly dark, cowering house.

No matter what happened to her, they could not make Mossya go to the Jewish cemetery. Klava had accompanied him one Sunday, that Sunday when it had all started, to the local recruiting office and had waited by the rusty iron-bound gates for him to emerge, fitted out in army boots, tight army trousers and field shirt. He had stood in a group of close-cropped young men all barely distinguishable one from another, lined up in rows of four, kitbags slung over shoulders, forage caps on shaved heads. She had run after the column being marched away by a spruce young officer to a large clearing somewhere beyond the town. She was not permitted any farther. They had been lined up, had their names called, some ordered to the right, others to the left. She had waited by the clearing until late evening. Dusk had fallen, and column upon column of soldiers were still arriving. She had

felt hungry and returned to the hostel remembering she had to be up early for work the following day.

Klava glanced along the street and, through her tears, saw nothing but the sinister river rumbling slowly along the road, seeming to tear up heavy stones in its bustling torrent, hurling them onwards. Only when the tears coursing down her cheeks had left her eyes hot and dry could she discern first one, then another figure in the torrent. They no longer merged with the rest, they stood out casting their own independent lives.

An old man with a laboriously knotted tie and navy blue cap upon his grizzled head was helping along a little old woman. She clung to his arm, pressing her puny, shrivelled form against his tall and upright body. The old woman would drop her head to her breast, ponderously raise it and then again let it fall, unable to hold it up. The old man in the blue cap bent his head to whisper something to her. Those behind overtook them, their ranks breaking and reforming, like waves circumventing an islet. The old couple had now dropped back a row, yet once more he held his head high stepping out boldly, while she tottered forward on her senile legs, hardly able to keep up with him.

Opposite the factory was the big club where Klava had first met Mossya at a dance. She had seen him before at work; one day he had brought his step-ladder and tool bag into her department to mend an electrical wire. She had scarcely been able to spare him a glance. She had had the icing and cake decorating to get on with: roses had to be done in pink cream, leaves in green, twigs in brown, and the various greetings in white.

In the packed club hall, as couples waltzed to accordion music, her eyes scarcely left the electrical fitter with the dark curly hair and the red generous lips. Wherever he went, she sought him out and he, evidently, felt her gaze on him, for he kept looking about him uncomfortably. Their eyes met, the dark-haired fitter slowly smiled, displaying two rows of sparkling white teeth, and made his way through the crowd to her corner to ask her to dance. The room swam before her eyes, she put her hand on his shoulder, and as he took her short plump fingers in his own rough calloused palm, the accordion, which had been playing a soft ballad, suddenly burst into pulsating rhythm. They squeezed into the moving circle of dancers performing the familiar steps of an old-time foxtrot. The accordion's wheezing, somewhat nasal, tones would rise and fall like a dancing flame. And Klava, listening to the uneven breathing of the flame, glancing at her hand on the fitter's shoulder, wondered what sort of man he was and what part he was to play in her life. She felt light and excited, yet afraid, as if she were being whirled along in an unfamiliar stream. She understood little and cared even less. All she knew was that the dark-haired young man was holding her tightly by the waist and was confidently guiding her about the dance floor. She happily relaxed, worried only that he might step on her smart fawn high-heeled shoes. She had borrowed them specially for the dance. She had none of her own, only a pair of imitation leather canvas shoes.

A small cart was jogging slowly through the crowd. It was harnessed to a dispirited old nag with pendant belly and bald patch on the side turned towards Klava. The nag could scarcely move his stiffened legs. After each step he would nod his head as if to say: 'You may be tired, old boy, and not know where you're going, but you've made one step forward, and another, and when you get there, you'll be able to rest your weary bones.' A hatless,

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red-haired fellow with unkempt beard trudged along by the cart, holding the reins and wearily dragging his enormous white threadbare boots. He wore a greasy padded jacket held together by a thin strap; a pad of dirty cotton-wool protruded from the jagged elbow of his sleeve. Atop the cart a bony woman wrapped in a warm shawl straddled a disorderly pile of bundles and sacks, shouting something to her husband. Klava could not hear what she was saying. She could only see her lips moving. Without a turn of the head, the red-haired man urged the nag with a flick of the reins. The woman on the cart hurriedly rearranged her bundles to a more comfortable position and, evidently, came upon some little treasure which she tried to hoist up to her steeply bent knees. Unable to do so she suddenly burst into tears and buried her face in the bundle. But even the sobbing did not carry to Klava.

Klava saw the woman on the cart and the dispirited old nag with the bald patch, and the red-haired man in the white threadbare boots. But she heard only the voice of Mossya.

She was standing beneath a dripping tree by the club. Mossya, too, wore a padded jacket but his was new, smart and blue; a navy blue knitted scarf encircled his neck. He coughed nervously into his hand, and said: 'They'll probably give us a room in the hostel, if they don't we'll rent one at Solomenka, that'll be even better.' 'But we won't have enough to get by on,' Klava heard herself complain timidly. She was afraid both of a hostel room and of a rented one in Solomenka, but Mossya spoke as if it had already been settled. How could one argue?

They had nowhere to meet after that evening at the dance. Cold driving rain kept them off the street, Klava's canvas shoes were not meant for the autumn weather, and they could not afford to go to the pictures often. Mossya came all the way to work from Korostyshev, Klava from Sumshchina, the other side of Lebedin. Neither of them had any relatives in the town. Klava left school and wanted to go to college, she was not sure which, but it didn't work out anyway as her parents were against it. They told her she should get out to work in the fields. What use was college to her? So she had left home, found work at a bakery, and everything was going well. She was soon icing and decorating cakes with a real ornamental flourish. She had also managed to obtain her school certificate. Meanwhile Mossya was attending evening classes at college. He wanted to be an engineer and already knew much that she had never dreamed of. He too went about in canvas shoes, he could not afford leather ones. Some of his money went to his mother and sisters in Korostyshev; they had no father, he had deserted them several years previously. She used to ask Mossya about his mother and sisters. He could not tell her anything about his father, only that he had worked at an oil mill. He remembered him solely by the cotton cake he used to bring home.

Klava tightly screwed up her eyes to keep back the tears, and when she opened them, she thought she glimpsed Mossya, his curly head and shoulders, down in the crowd at the bottom of the street. He was plodding along, hemmed in on all sides, his head bobbing along with other heads, shoulders, shoulders everywhere—a sea of shoulders and heads. . . . No, he could not be there, she almost cried. After all, she called that Sunday when he had exchanged his canvas shoes for army boots. Three days later they had

sent her his civilian clothing. It had given her a terrible shock. She thought him dead, forgetting she had just seen him in uniform.

Klava no longer thought of herself, nor feared for her own fate, she was happy for Mossya, he did not now have to see Melnikov Street, that awful narrow ditch. Nor did she worry about him at the front facing death. Her mind was at ease. He was, after all, fighting and that nurtured some hope for life, a hope lacking in people wallowing at the bottom of a stone ditch.

She remembered the time she had returned home after reading the Order pinned to the fence. Auntie Nastya had looked at her with age-dimmed eyes, thrown up her short arms and exclaimed: 'What's come over you, my child, what has frightened you so?'

Auntie Nastya knew nothing about Mossya; she was not Klava's real aunt, just a kind-hearted soul who had taken pity on the girl and taken her in. She had asked no questions. But Klava could hardly keep it from her now, for it would not have been fair. She didn't want to have Auntie Nastya shot. So she had told her all about Mossya and the child. Auntie Nastya had looked long and hard at Klava's stomach, had fallen silent for a while, and then had thrown up her arms again: 'What about your passport, what does it say there?'

Klava had her own surname inscribed in her passport. Mossya had seen to that. He had said 'Why use mine, you cannot even pronounce it. I'll register the baby in my name!'

'I see,' Auntie Nastya had said with a sigh of relief, 'keep your tongue quiet, child, and don't breathe a word to anyone, otherwise you'll be for it. They won't get a word out of me. Why on earth didn't you tell me before?'

And once more her frightened eyes darted to Klava's stomach.

Klava looked down into the street. . . .

A young woman was pushing a wheel chair on high spindly wheels. It bore a young man with pale, bloated face, his legs covered by a dark chequered rug. The wheel chair was bouncing over the stones, causing the sick man's head to jerk on his slender neck. The woman carried a knapsack on her back, and the man a huge suitcase on his knees. She stopped, her strength giving out. People with packs and bags and suitcases overtook her without a glance. Once more she turned to the wheel chair and once again gave it a push. Again the man's head jerked from side to side. . . . A young lad of about thirteen suddenly appeared. He wore a grey jacket and knitted ski cap, and carried a duffle bag over his shoulder. He was alone in the huge crowd, that was obvious from his hapless look, his shoulders held high and straight in dumb bewilderment. He stopped to look at the young woman as if wanting to tell her something, then, having made up his mind, he silently took up position alongside her. The woman gave him a thankful smile. For a while they both pushed together, then the woman raised her hands, the wide sleeves of her autumn coat dropping to her elbows. She shook her numbed hands, her thin palms flapping in the air like two white doves. Then she once more seized the chair and they moved along, side by side—the woman and the boy, the woman no longer so helpless, and the boy no longer alone.

Klava looked up. In the window opposite, two children's faces pressed forward flattening their noses against the pane. Their wide frightened eyes followed the fixed gaze of Klava—below, to the people in the road. Were

her eyes really as anguished and bulging as those of the children? The stream was now flowing very slowly. Suddenly it came to a halt as if stemmed by a dam; those at the back still pressed forward, but eventually they too had to stop, craning their necks, listening hard. . . . And suddenly through the dusty windows Klava heard a crackling, like dry twigs snapping underfoot. The noise was followed immediately by a long, heavy groan, like the loud mortifying sigh of some giant being. The crackling died down for a moment and then recurred intermittently. It was as if a multitude of people were engaged in the gathering and breaking of forest brushwood, scurrying furiously to get the disgusting job over, vying with one another, working ceaselessly, the sweat pouring from their brows, their hands racked by pain, their faces glistening and ghastly pale, yet unable to stop, unable to cease breaking the defenceless brushwood, all so plentiful in the autumn forest.

Her eyes closed, Klava listened intently to the sinister crackling. Suddenly, for the very first time, she realised why Mossya had not, nor could have been, among the prisoners recently driven through the town. She had stood on the pavement, propped against a lamp post to keep herself from falling, while the prisoners had filed by, capless and beltless, their shirts tattered, their faces unshaven, barefoot, wounds bound with dirty rags; their own mothers would not have recognised them. Yet Klava would have recognised Mossya with his dark curly hair and wide red lips that had first kissed her in the rain by the club wall. And his hands she would have known, those big, strong hands that had clasped her so tightly. And his eyes too; she had never seen such glowing black eyes, and his ears—no one in the world could have such neat, rosy, sea-shell ears. . . . She so longed to cover them with her hands as she strained for his bold lips, gently pulling his head towards her. She would have spotted him among hundreds of thousands, among millions. But Mossya had not been with those who had passed along Kreshchtik Street between the iron spikes of the discarded anti-tank defences. Nor had he been in the Kerosin camp, nor at the sports ground where the prisoners had crouched on the razed football pitch surrounded in the stands by Germans with machine guns. . . . He could not be. For him, the choice was battle or death.

The sombre river once more began to wend its way beneath her window. . . . A tall, well-built woman, her beautiful but pallid face crowned by a mop of chestnut hair, was leading two boys, identically dressed, as twins invariably are. The woman cautiously lifted high her heavy stomach enclosed by a man's baggy mackintosh. The twins carried small, neat satchels over their shoulders, the woman a common shopping bag tied with a black boot lace. Klava gazed intently at the familiar pallid countenance of Asya Mikhailovna, her old supervisor at the bakery. She had taken maternity leave in early September, a happy talkative soul, strict but kind-hearted. She had often helped Klava at work, guided her hand in such wonderful cream patterns on the chocolate cake topping. Klava had been so delighted and grateful.

She pressed her tear-stained face to the glass and felt blindly for the catch. She had to let Asya Mikhailovna know she loved her, that she didn't want her to take her twins to the place where they were breaking the dry brushwood. Her hands failed to find the catch, there was none, the double window frames didn't open, they had been fixed tight with big nails. She could not reach the top window, she would have to bring up the stool.

Excruciating pain seared Klava's body. Though she bit hard on her lips, a cry escaped her, a wild, inhuman groan, like that she had heard after the crackling.

Above her appeared a round face with tiny moist wrinkles around the small kind eyes. Auntie Nastya knelt over her, holding her head. Klava realised that she was lying on the floor and that the greyness before her eyes was the underside of the oil cloth that covered the round table between window and door. The pain came again. She lay still, afraid of her own screams. She would probably have heard them if it had not been for Auntie Nastya's soft warm hand stifling her cries. Tears thickly rolled down Auntie Nastya's ruddy, plump cheeks, spilling over her lips. Yet the tears seemed not to be part of Auntie Nastya, her voice was as calm and reassuring as ever, as if the tears streamed from one Auntie Nastya, and the words came from another.

'Hold on, I won't be a second, Klavochka.'

She removed the oil cloth from the table, laid it on the bed over the blanket and lifted Klava onto it. She did everything calmly, unhurried in her movements. Nonetheless as Klava clung to the old woman lifting her on to the bed, she could feel the pent-up tension permeating the whole of her frightened body. As she lay on the bed staring grimly at her own stomach, as if it were an enemy bent on killing her, Klava asked in a whisper: 'Why are you crying, Auntie Nastya? Am I really in a bad way?'

'I said goodbye to them all,' said Auntie Nastya, calmly opening the chest-of-drawers and tossing on to the table some laundered sheets, a towel and several white cloths. 'I saw them all off. . . . How many years have we all lived here together . . . Samoilovicha from Kabel Street, they had to hold her up, she could hardly get out of bed, bronchitis. . . . You lie still, Klava, I'll put the water on to boil.'

Auntie Nastya, assiduously closing the drawers behind her and, laboriously shuffling her swollen feet in their old slippers, made for the door. She stopped and turned back to Klava who could no longer see her from the bed.

'Dear old Samoilovicha said "we won't be coming back . . . Take what you want from our flat." But the Order says anyone who takes anything will be shot.'

Auntie Nastya said nothing about her everlasting rows with 'dear old' Samoilovicha. Nor did she mention she had hugged her and tearfully begged her to forgive the rows; she had nothing against her; it was just the hard times.

She passed into the hall. Another spasm shook Klava. Forgetting herself in her fright, she screamed. My God, she remembered Samoilovicha, the winder's wife from Kabel Street, slovenly old woman with black reproachful eyes, worn out by her innumerable daughters, sons-in-law and grandsons. She had bumped into her one day on her return from Solomenkin. Samoilovicha's intrusive gaze had fixed on her stomach. 'So you're expecting,' she had said. 'What good is he to you? Can't you see what's going on around you?' 'But I really didn't know,' Klava had said frightened by her words. 'You didn't know!' Samoilovicha had hissed. 'Who the hell knew?' And she had raised her fist as if to strike Klava, but then lowered it on her own

head, spreading her fingers and digging them into her tangled grey-flecked hair.

'What's all the row about?' asked Auntie Nastya, looking in at the door. 'People don't die from that my girl.'

Klava heard the door close. 'People don't die from that.' But if they do die, should they cry out? Is it so terrible then—for a person to die? Out there in the street they probably know they are going to die, yet they go in silence. She had heard only one cry, and that by the sound of it more from shock than fright, a cry from a shocked human soul mortified by the thought of human life being broken like brushwood in broad daylight. She must clench her teeth and bear the bone-shattering pain, for this was birth not death, the birth of a new little life, that they, Klava and Mossya, had projected into the world in order to live, to see the sun, to love and eventually succumb to the very pain that attended its birth.

Pain stabbed and seared her body. Crying did not mitigate her suffering, it only intensified it. Where could she find the strength to stifle her cries? Shame on you, Klava. Keep quiet, clench your teeth, bite your lip hard, but keep quiet, don't you dare cry. . . . There go your Mossya and his comrades silently into battle, though they know the end may be near. Can you not see? Over there in the field they lie on shell-scarred ground, red-hot shells screech overhead. And they grit their teeth, clasp their rifles tighter in their hands. . . . The only sound is heavy breathing, but no one knows whose breathing it is—that of soldiers hugging the earth or that of the earth itself. It, too, is rent by rankling pain. There is no defence, no escape. And as the long-awaited moment draws near, as the enemy approaches, they will spring up, draw themselves to their full stature. Then you will hear the cry that makes the fascists tremble, and you will see your soldiers rush to the attack, with one thought, to get at the enemy, seize him by the throat, drag him down, roll him over the ground, and strangle him. Let him know what it feels like to break human bones, like the brittle defenceless brushwood they're breaking nearby, Klava, behind the old cemetery wall, among the old and fresh grave mounds, and on the old clay pit banks where the russet autumn grass now spreads.

Klava thrust her thin hands above her head and seized the bed post to stop herself falling from the bed in her pain. It seemed that she had ground her teeth to powder trying not to cry and that blood was seeping from her mouth. The front door banged and someone entered the room—she couldn't see who—then she heard the calm voice of Auntie Nastya: 'Didn't your mothers cry when they were in labour?'

Klava, writhing in pain, turned on her side, grasped her knees and noticed Auntie Nastya holding a big aluminium bowl. Steam curled from the bowl and wreathed her round face. Behind her stood three men—a khaki-uniformed German clasping a gun to his chest, and two black-uniformed police. Klava bit her tongue to overcome one pain with another, and stifle her cries.

The German pointed his gun and asked something in German.

'Who is this woman,' one of the police translated, thrusting his face through the steam curling up from Auntie Nastya's bowl. Klava saw the cold green eyes beneath the low brow, neatly intersected by the shining peak of his black cap.

'My niece,' replied Auntie Nastya, hugging the steaming bowl to her

stomach. And for the first time Klava detected a note of fear in her voice. 'My niece, she came here to work and was stranded by the war.'

Auntie Nastya was about to compose a long and intricate story, but the German cut her short, jerking his hand nearer the trigger. The policeman had no time to translate before Auntie Nastya spoke out. She had caught the meaning by the German's tone and by the movement of his crooked finger which now stroked the safety catch.

'God preserve us, no, an Orthodox Christian,' she burst out in such despair that the police guffawed loudly.

'Orthodox Young Communist?' jeered the translator, shamelessly scrutinising Klava who had turned on her back in pain.

Klava kept silent, sensing neither fear nor shame. She was filled with nothing but revulsion.

She had felt embarrassed when a woman—a doctor at the clinic—had made her undress and had examined her, she had even been embarrassed in front of other girls in the showers, but she felt no embarrassment now, neither for her body, nor her pain. Let them look—him, with the green eyes and black cap, and the other one with the round snout and rat's whiskers, and the German too, with his long skinny wax-like nose—she would spit on the lot of them, the rotten swine!

'Passport,' said the German.

'Where's your passport, Klavotchka,' asked Auntie Nastya placing the hot water bowl on the floor. 'Where's your passport?'

'On top of the chest-of-drawers,' Klava managed to murmur. 'Under the towel.'

The pain returned with unbearable force. Klava screamed and through her cries heard the policeman reading from her passport, emasculating the words in his crude accent, like an ignorant child. Indeed, a child would have read it better.

'Gut,' said the German.

Just at that moment Klava heard a new cry, timid and weak—the first cry of her child. She closed her eyes with relief. Now nothing else mattered.

'What are you standing there for' she heard Auntie Nastya exclaim. Her tear-stained face appeared above her. 'She won't be crying any more. Klavdia Koropchak won't be crying any more.'

Their boots clattered, the door banged, and their steps died away on the stairs.

Klava, exhausted by the pain she had endured, lay on her back, her blanched arms outstretched.

She heard the happy wheezing of Auntie Nastya. 'And they thought we would hand him over, give up our little boy, our little scallywag. But we shan't!'

She stamped her swollen feet by the bed, held the baby up for Klava to see, repeating over and over again: 'We won't give him up! The very idea! We won't, we won't!'

The baby filled the long dark room with his cries. In his loud wail Klava fancied she heard the cry of soldiers as they sprang forward to the attack, as they rushed towards the enemy, rifles at the ready, to defeat him in mortal combat. And to destroy him.

Midday in the Summer

YURI TRIFONOV

Translated by L. Crome from 'Novy Mir,' 1966, No. 12

In her seventy-fourth year Olga Robertovna decided to revisit her birth-place. She had meant to do so for years but her own life and the times she lived in had developed in ways that made the visit impossible. And so it was that after leaving in 1906, Olga Robertovna did not set foot again in her native town. She forgot some of her native language having had no need of it: the husband and children spoke Russian, and she herself became Russian in the course of fifty-two years, her origin being betrayed only by the patronymic 'Robertovna' and the slight accent which natives of the Baltic countries can never lose.

On a summer evening in June Olga Robertovna arrived at the station; she was being seen off by her daughter-in-law and grand-daughter. The grand-daughter was in the sixth month of pregnancy, stood up to it badly, and had aged and become ugly; Olga Robertovna worried about her and had been against her coming from the datcha to the station. The evening was close, a storm was thundering beyond Moscow. Olga Robertovna loved her grand-daughter and was cool towards the daughter-in-law, believing that she was petty-bourgeois in outlook and not very bright. She felt sure that her son would not have stuck by her even for five years. Olga's son died in 1939. She had three daughters: one died in early childhood, two grew up, married, produced many children but lived separately from Olga. She could not live with them. The oldest daughter had settled in Baku, where it was too hot, the other lived in Moscow but with her husband's large family, together with his parents.

The daughter-in-law, a flabby woman with a red porous face, wearing a pince-nez, kept monotonously repeating injunctions against sudden changes in the weather than can raise the blood pressure. 'I implore you, don't go out at night.' She appeared greatly concerned at Olga Robertovna travelling alone. In reality she was, of course, glad that Olga was leaving, if only briefly, for a few days, and so was the daughter-in-law's husband. But Olga did not mind. She loved her grand-daughter and the grand-daughter loved her; this she knew even though the grand-daughter expressed no concern and only asked her to bring back a few china jars labelled 'rice,' 'semolina,' 'buck-wheat.' The grand-daughter had seen such jars at her friend's; they were bought in the very town where Olga was going.

When the train started, the daughter-in-law and the grand-daughter moved for a while alongside the window and waved; they had to walk fast; Olga suddenly took fright over her grand-daughter and signalled for them to stop, but they did not understand her, and the silly woman even ran awhile, waving for all she was worth. But this was quite sincere on her part. At last the train jerked forward; they disappeared. It was twilight and the light came on in the compartment. Olga sat for a long time at the window, thinking about her daughter-in-law, the daughters, about the grand-daughter's young husband who had recently come to live in their flat and whose ways had already begun to put Olga on her guard; he seemed to her cunning and insufficiently modest. It could well be that he married the grand-daughter

only for the sake of a room in Moscow. He was from Rostov and had lived in a hostel. It seemed to Olga that he had been addressing her without due respect, and she cut him rather short when he attempted to call her granny.

The train entered the storm belt. The shower rattled on the roof, and the light went out. Under the blanket, in the dark compartment lit up from time to time by flashes of distant lightning, Olga fell asleep. She dreamed suddenly of old times; a saloon car with crackling mahogany wood panelling, bronze brackets, the smell of leather and cheap tobacco, the trampling of boots on the roof, the sound of gunfire at each station, the summer of 1919, the journey to the southern front. In her dream Sergei Ivanovich was not as he had been in the summer of 1919 but young, very young, as he had been a long time ago when they first met in the country that grey summer; he wore a small, golden-red beard like a German's, and glasses with a thin steel frame. They mounted their bicycles and cycled along a narrow path to the sea, the wind was strong, the tails of his light linen jacket were blown about, and she was, as always when cycling, afraid to stop. But he was by her side, only two yards away, and this gave her confidence. She suddenly recalled that this was impossible. He had died a long time ago and could not cycle with her.

In the middle of the night Olga awoke. Her two fellow travellers were snoring, something was jingling up above, a buckle or a suitcase key swinging with the motion of the train. Olga thought suddenly that it had probably been foolish on her part to agree to the journey. Twenty years earlier, perhaps, but now there was not much life left in her, and the life of her near ones had ended long ago. Who would she meet there? Old women have no

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childhood. Old women recalled the childhood of their children. But she had been worn down by all the invitations; they had sent her telegrams, letters; Nikulshin was specially persistent. He was very polite, this Nikulshin, but their discussions had been tiresome. 'Oh Lord, why did I agree,' she thought gloomily. 'They say that the climate there is trying, the pressure is changing constantly . . .' Without being aware of it the homeland appeared as a foreign country to her.

The morning was bright, the sun shone, the town approached. Olga looked out with excitement at the small houses surrounded by greenery, tiled roofs, cyclists, factory chimneys, wooden fences, darkened brick walls with traces of faded signboards.

Olga was met on the platform by Nikulshin, young pioneers bringing her flowers, a young man from the museum, and three grey-haired old women introduced by Nikulshin as 'our veterans.' The old women were moved; they kept blowing their noses, drying their eyes, and kissing Olga. She never expected anything like this. They photographed her. The young pioneers struck up a song in her native language. Olga strained to catch every word and kept nodding her head in understanding. Nevertheless, she failed to recognise some of the words; the song was new, the children sang indistinctly, and, perhaps, the pronunciation had also changed in the last fifty years. Then Nikulshin took Olga in his small car to the hotel.

From the car window she looked at the streets, their ancient twists and turns, the disappearing buildings, the open and dark front gates, and she knew that she had seen all this before, and must now recall it. She was forcing herself to remember with a slight but increasing excitement, but for some reason could recollect nothing. 'But I have surely seen this two-storied house with the little steeple,' she was trying to persuade herself, 'and this square with the little fountain, and that old couple—lucky ones still to have one another in their old age!—sitting on the bench by the entrance.'

Nikulshin asked: 'Well, what do you think of the old place? Do you recognise it?'

'You know, I think . . . I think I recognise nothing at all!' Olga even laughed—arteriosclerosis!

'Ah!' said Nikulshin, and also laughed. 'Never mind. It's only the beginning. Later you will remember. I am myself from Grozny, and you know, after leaving the Institute I returned to my birthplace, and what is characteristic . . .'

He was still quite young, this Nikulshin, forty-five or so, but already rather stout, white-haired with pendulous purplish little cheeks. Olga had noticed already in Moscow that he was stupid and entirely absorbed in his own affairs, but she forgave all this; after so many years of silence he was the first man to say something kind about Sergei, and was now writing a booklet about him.

She knew that the invitation for her to visit her native city was also obtained by Nikulshin with great difficulty, through the Ministry of Culture, with an eye to some personal commercial interests, and yet she was grateful to him.

From the hotel, where Olga rested a little and tidied herself up, Nikulshin took her to his flat for dinner. She was not keen on going visiting so soon, but found it difficult to refuse. She would have liked to remain alone and go out for a walk in the streets. She now began to remember them, not this

or that one in particular, but all of them at the same time. Something long forgotten was stirring in her heart, something she no longer suspected herself of still possessing. And it came from the street air, from the smell. She pushed open the window of her room, saw close by the old tiles, dark around their edges, marked by the lime spots of pigeons' droppings, the smoky sky, inhaled the damp air, and suddenly remembered him.

But Olga was not able to spend any part of her first day in the streets, she remained with the Nikulshins until late at night. The dinner went on for a long time; there were many guests, some school teachers, their wives, and young people; then they brought a grey-haired, red-eyed old man who claimed to have known Sergei Ivanovich during his exile in Vologda and to have met him again in the Second Army, in 1920. Olga did not remember the old man, and his name was unknown to her. She felt uncomfortable with people who had known Sergei and whom she did not know herself; they gave her a sense of insecurity, humbug, laying claims that belonged to her alone. And she treated the red-eyed man with reserve. The guests departed towards evening but Nikulshin persuaded Olga to stay and listen to the first chapter of his booklet on Sergei. This chapter dealt with Sergei's return from Petersburg University to Dvinsk, and was entitled 'Back to the Native Hearths'; Nikulshin used high-flown language as they do in newspapers, and Olga did not like it, but she said nothing, knowing that it was usual to write about old revolutionaries in this way, and that what was important was not the style of the book but the fact that it would be published at all, with a portrait, after all these years of silence. But Nikulshin's wife, a stout little brunette, who sat in the room cleaning some strawberries while he was reading, suddenly started arguing with him over a phrase. Nikulshin replied with surprising sharpness. The argument flared up into a quarrel, an absurd, trivial and such an habitual quarrel that it was not inhibited even by the presence of a stranger. Nikulshin's wife snatched the strawberry bowl and ran into the next room. Nikulshin followed her. All this was familiar and depressing. Olga had witnessed many such quarrels between her daughter-in-law and her present husband; something similar, in the bud, had started once already between the grand-daughter and her young man from Rostov. These absurd, petty quarrels occur probably because people lead an absurd, petty life. Calmly Olga went into the next room where the couple were quarrelling in subdued voices and persuaded them to make it up. It was easy. They felt embarrassed.

The long day, the excitement, the conversations made Olga tired, and on arrival at the hotel she had an attack of palpitation and a headache. She went to bed at once, after taking two dibasol tablets. In the middle of the night she woke with fright. Her palpitation was troublesome and she found it difficult to breathe. Olga pressed the bell for service but no one came; the bell was not working. She switched on the light, took forty drops of valocordin, opened the window and settled down in an armchair by it.

It was four o'clock in the morning. The white night was fading. The luminous sky seemed empty, insubstantial; it carried no clouds, no blueness, no stars, only light. The tops of the buildings across the street were beginning to emerge from the fog which was still dense below, blotting out the street. Olga pushed open the window frame; beyond it were dark tiles, houses with dark windows, sleeping pigeons, night. Somebody was walking on the pavement, knocking with his stick. The palpitation gradually subsided; her head

became clearer. Olga was recalling another similar night in this town, when she was eighteen and Sergei twenty-one; they were returning from a party; he carried something in his briefcase that had to be handed over urgently to someone going to Petersburg. They had met recently and there was nothing yet between them. It was the first night, a white night, just like this one. He was tall, a head taller than she and wore a student's cap, although it was two years since he had left the university. She spoke bad Russian, he was teaching her, and she laughed; she laughed much that night because he had been funny and they had drunk wine at the party. The street rose out of the fog in just the same way, only it was near the sea and it smelled of the sea; stone stairs led up to the second floor; there was a semicircular window in the room, and they both knew they were behaving badly because the man going to Petersburg was waiting for them; but she was eighteen and he was twenty-one. He was renting the room from an old German landlady. Wooden tablets with German inscriptions in Gothic script were scattered over the walls and on the table. On a shelf fixed to the back of the sofa stood a row of ten amber elephants; they jerked when the shelf shook and toppled over one after another. She saw them slide down the shelf and fall. No-one ever knew about this; no-one has to know it or shall ever know it, but she remembered all her life how the little elephants were falling. All ten fell, first on him, and then on to the floor. Later they would use the expression: 'Let the elephants fall.' And he would wink at her. Their guests, suspecting a hidden meaning behind the toast, would raise their glasses cheerfully to him and repeat: 'Yes, yes, let the elephants fall,' not knowing that he was being disreputable. He was certainly quite a lad. With his meals he would take a glass or two of alcohol. Can anyone really describe how it was? The fog cleared, the sky was brighter still, and the lower parts of the buildings were now visible. Already one could make out the signboard over the gates: 'Reception Centre'.

Next day, Nikulshin took Olga to the museum, then, in the afternoon, to the library, and the following four days Olga found herself constantly speaking somewhere in public, meeting people, talking about Sergei, and listening to Nikulshin's highflown lecture on 1905. Then Nikulshin brought her to an old, unpainted building on the embankment; she saw from the car window the smooth surface of the water, sailing boats, the same as a long time ago, the sun reflected brokenly as the bathers dived from the boats, and she suddenly remembered her cousin Jan, well forgotten for over fifty years; he was brought back by the sailing boats. He was quite without fear when as a boy he had sailed in a dinghy to Germany. When he left for America his mother cried a lot; he had dark-red hair with a parting at the side, and a sunburned, impudent, good-natured boyish face with white eyelashes. They went up with Nikulshin to the second floor, passed along the corridor and at a hatch Olga was given fifty roubles. Nikulshin also received some money. Olga was embarrassed; at first she even thought of refusing the money, but then decided that refusing it was silly, that the money was as customary as all the rest, and that her refusal might offend Nikulshin.

The same day Olga bought a beautiful scarf for her grand-daughter in a second-hand store. It cost exactly fifty roubles.

Olga tried to find, with Nikulshin's help, a few people she knew in her youth. There had been very few of them. She was too young when she left.

She failed to find anyone: some had died, others had left for Russia at the time of the revolution, and one family had perished in the ghetto during the last war.

On Friday, Olga went to a film studio, where they discussed Nikulshin's scenario on the subject of the revolution (one of the personages, albeit in only a single episode, was Sergei, and Olga's presence was therefore important), and on Saturday she decided to return home. She was sleeping badly, thinking about her grand-daughter, and the thoughts were somehow heavy and restless. For some reason the scenario on the subject of the revolution was not accepted, and Nikulshin got so upset that he went to bed with heart trouble and could not see Olga off. The day was completely lost, nobody invited Olga anywhere; she had done all her shopping, including the china jars labelled 'rice,' 'semolina,' 'buckwheat,' and she took a bus to a suburb, to the old mill where she had been a worker once.

The bus rustled for a long time along the highway; it was drizzling; the apple trees in the orchards stood dark and drooping with a barely visible cloud of vapour around them.

The factory brick entrance was the same as fifty years ago. Olga entered the yard; she saw on her right a long, two-storied building with wide windows; it had not been there before, and on the left behind a row of lime trees—the trees were huge, they had grown enormously—she saw a fence painted a dark green colour, and behind it an iron roof, the very sight of which made her catch her breath. The iron roof had suddenly sprung from her memory, like her cousin Jan. Under that roof there must be a hut, a long wooden hut where as a young girl Olga lived for a year. She had completely forgotten the hut.

Olga crossed the yard quickly, passed through the gate in the dark green fence and saw the hut. Now the walls were plastered and stained with ochre. Television aerials were on the roof. But it was still the same hut where, in one of the rooms, Olga lived with two of her friends.

A small, bent old woman was coming across the yard, her feet squelching in goloshes. She was carrying a bag with two bottles of milk and a roll. A plastic sheet which she carried over her head served as protection against the rain.

Olga saw the old woman and stopped. Then she went up to her.

'Marta!' said Olga, and the old woman raised her ancient face, all clay-like folds, with a large grey nose and tiny bluish crescents in the place of eyes. Olga's heart stood still.

'Is it you, Helga? I recognised you.' The woman smiled. The bluish crescents filled with moisture. 'Dear me, but you are quite old, Helga! How are you keeping?'

'Very well,' said Olga breathlessly. 'And you?'

'Why did you not come back, Helga? You promised to come back. I waited for you. You never wrote!'

Having stopped smiling, the woman inclined her head sideways. The plastic sheet began to slip off her shoulders, and Olga put her arm round the dry back that had lost forever its ability to straighten, and gently took the bag out of her hands.

'I'll help you,' said Olga, quite inaudibly because her strength had not yet returned. 'You live there?'

'Yes, yes,' said the woman. 'Have you forgotten?'

They began to walk slowly to the hut on a brick-paved path bordered by a low wooden railing. The rain continued. People were running in their direction. A few boys, cutting corners, were jumping over the fence and running across the grass. The old woman walked silently. Olga held Marta under the arm and saw how they had parted here in the yard; at that time there was no concrete; there was dusty bare earth; a midday in the summer; Sergei was waiting in the cab, and Marta, with white, white wavy hair, was crying; they promised to write; they never wrote; everything was severed forever; Russia began; deportations; frozen water in the pail in the mornings; the children growing up healthy; a steamer on the Yenisei river sailing on a bright day in June; and then the war, and then Petersburg; a flat on the Ligovka; crowds of people in the courtyard of the Tavrichesky palace shouting 'hurrah' all night long; he was wounded in July, and nearly died of typhus fever; then the fronts of the civil war for three years; railway coaches; demonstrations; tiny rations of bread; the 'Alpine Rose' in Moscow and the Gneznikovsky; famine; theatres; a job on the books expedition; the children growing up; one October they went to the Crimea without the children, by train to Simferopol; then Sergei was given an old Ford with carbide headlights; the car kept breaking down during the night; the luggage was strapped on the roof, and one suitcase got lost on the way; the pearl-grey sea down below; the two of them sitting for a long time on the edge of a cliff while the driver was off somewhere repairing the transmission and the man from the Cheka searching for the suitcase and not finding it; and there was nothing better than that sunrise in the whole of her life; then the passing of many winters, summers, days, July evenings on the terrace with the windows open; the sweet smell of tobacco plants from below, mixing with talk subdued in order that the children might not overhear, but the children knew, and on one occasion he said, 'Be prepared, my turn will also come'; but it was not his turn but hers; he died unexpectedly, banished from everywhere, but in his own flat on the Vozdvizhenka; and she got to know about his death three years later in the Far East; her ancestors had given her slow Baltic blood; her hands feared no work, and they became as knotty as a landworker's; she worked, survived them all and returned, but her son was dead; the daughters looked at her with strangers' eyes and addressed her as 'you'; she had got over this also, survived the long road, which began here in this dusty yard, littered by cotton waste, under the direct midday sun, and now she crossed the yard.

She stood in front of the porch. Marta stretched out her hand to take the bag.

'Why then did you not write?' asked Marta, looking at Olga almost with despair.

"Forgive me," said Olga. She felt sorry for the little old woman, bent down and kissed her on the temple. 'Forgive me, Marta. That's how it turned out. I assure you, it was not my fault.'

'All right, then. Go to the kitchen, Helga and put the kettle on. You remember the kitchen?'

Olga went up the steps of the porch and pressed on the wooden door. It opened. The corridor was dark and endless.

And on Monday morning Olga was queueing for milk at the gastronom in Moscow and was telling an acquaintance from a neighbouring block about the weather on the Baltic: raining almost continuously for five days.

TWO POEMS

MAXIM TANK

Translated by Walter May

I knew people who knew everything,
And I envied them.
I knew people who made no mistakes,
And I envied them.
I knew people who always had shelter,
And I envied them.
I knew people who wrote long letters to their loves,
And I envied them.

Now I know more than before,
I err much the less,
I have my own shelter,
I send long letters to my love
(Which receive no reply),
But I do not envy myself.

Words without deeds—
Only the noise of wind.
Words without blood—
The rustling of dry leaves.
Words without hate—
Only chips of gravel.
Words without love—
The road to oblivion.

May they never
Pronounce
Such words,
These lips
Which have kissed this earth.

Some Reflections on an Anglo-Soviet Co-production

By NORMAN SWALLOW

Co-producer of 'Ten Days that Shook the World'

At 8.30 p.m. on Monday, November 6th, 1967, the first film ever to be made as a full Anglo-Soviet co-production was shown to an estimated audience of fifteen million British television viewers. Its title was *Ten Days that Shook the World*, inspired by John Reed's classic piece of reportage; its subject was the story of Russia from the Coronation of Nicholas II in May 1896 to the capture of the Winter Palace by the Bolsheviks in the Autumn of 1917; its production was shared jointly by Granada Television and the Novosti Agency of Moscow, and my own personal part in it was to be one of its two producers—the other being the distinguished Soviet film director and former colleague of Eisenstein, Grigori Alexandrov. I write this article in the belief that the readers of this journal, being by definition enthusiasts for Anglo-Soviet co-operation in any or all of the arts, might be interested in a straightforward account of how *Ten Days that Shook the World* was made.

I myself joined the project some months after its formal inception. The initial contract had been signed in Moscow in March 1966, and its agreed basis was that each party to the agreement would provide those facilities which best suited its own resources. Thus Novosti would be responsible for making available the contents of the Soviet film archives, for providing 'still' photographs from the National Museums of the USSR, for obtaining extracts from feature films (notably those of Eisenstein and Pudovkin), for shooting new sequences in the Soviet Union, for providing a composer, and for recording his music. Granada's responsibilities included the provision of material from photographic archives outside the USSR, for shooting new sequences in the West (which in the event meant in London, Geneva and Zurich), and for editing and recording the film. In addition to myself, Granada provided an Associate Producer (Michael Darlow), and in addition to Alexandrov, Novosti made available the services of an admirable Assistant, Tamara Samoilovich. Anatoly Uglov, of Novosti's London office, was always cheerfully available for help, advice and good cheer.

The signing of the Agreement was more a gesture of good faith than a legally binding contract, and yet it has been loyally and exactly adhered to by both sides from that day to this. Nevertheless there were a few doubting voices, especially and expectedly in the early stages. Here and there it was murmured that total collaboration on such a delicate subject as the October Revolution was a naive pipe-dream. Soviet collaboration, the cynics pronounced, meant Soviet control. No one, it was said, had ever succeeded in 'cracking the Soviet archives'; the dramatic phrase still rings in the mind. I now know that similar views were expressed by certain Muscovites as well, for every country has its share of pessimists. 'Co-operation with the British means British control' and so on and so on. But the final outcome spelt

confusion for the faint-hearted. The challenge had been accepted by both sides. Goodwill had prevailed.

When, in October 1966, I was myself asked by Granada if I would accept the position of British producer in the enterprise I did not hesitate for even the tiniest fraction of a second, and I believe that any other producer would have made the same decision just as quickly. One of them did, of course, and his name is Grigori Alexandrov. It is my belief, based on the experience of seventeen years in Television, that sincere craftsmen in any medium instinctively get on well together, regardless of nationality, language or political persuasion. Indeed I have usually found it more stimulating to work with colleagues from other countries than with those who are British. It is always exciting to see familiar things from a new standpoint, to discuss technical problems with those who have found different solutions to them, to argue about films or television or the human condition into the early hours of the morning in a bizarre mixture of languages, gestures and laughter. I believe that the main reason why *Ten Days that Shook the World* succeeded (and I refer of course to its amicable completion, not to any merits that it may or may not have as a film) was the simple fact that those of us who made it together had decided from the beginning that we would make it work, and that no power on earth could stop us.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the part played by 'Grisha' Alexandrov. It is typical of his essential modesty and generosity that he agreed at once to work as an equal with someone who is by comparison unknown, inexperienced, and inadequate. It is not simply that he is one of the great men of the Cinema; he also possesses an encyclopædic knowledge of the whereabouts and comparative merits of every film-shot and every photograph taken in his country since the 1890s. He knows the date of each of them, he knows its quality and he knows where it can be found. 'Gaumont in Paris have the best quality for that one,' he would say, or 'Our Moscow archive has a copy that is four feet longer than the one in New York.' He was constantly full of surprises, one day producing part of a propaganda film made for the Kerensky Government, and the next day waving a few feet from *October* which everyone else thought had been destroyed in the dark days of Stalin. His good humour never failed him, and he brushed aside the familiar irritations of film-making with the gesture of a man who had lived with them so long that they had become old friends. To anyone who questioned the wisdom, or even the very possibility, of doing this or that, he would smile and say, quite softly, 'Why not?' The phrase became our slogan. 'Why not?' we kept saying, in Moscow and in London. Why not, indeed? So that although I am sure that *Ten Days that Shook the World* could have been made without him, or for that matter with any other Soviet producer, I am equally certain that he was the wisest possible choice, by experience and by temperament; a great and good man with whom it was a great pleasure as well as an honour to work for so many months. And I miss him very much, now it is all over.

I suppose the most obvious advantage of producing a film about Russian history as an Anglo-Soviet co-production is that one has immediate access to so much that is unobtainable outside the USSR. Yet it is easy to exaggerate this point, for much of the best film coverage of Tsarist Russia has long ago found its way—a little here, a little there—to the libraries of Western Europe and the United States; which is scarcely surprising when one

remembers that many of the cameramen who filmed the pageantry of Tsarist Russia were themselves French. What is certainly true is that the Soviet archives possess the fullest single selection in the world of film-shots taken in Russia between the Coronation of Nicholas II and the fall of the Provisional Government. Moreover, whenever the Soviet archives duplicate those elsewhere, the technical quality of the shots held in Moscow is almost always better than the others. As far as 'still' photographs are concerned, the Soviet museums are altogether unique, containing literally thousands of pictures covering every aspect of life and society. It was clearly easier for a 'still' photographer than for a film cameraman to be present on occasions of drama, and the quality of their work remains remarkable by any standards. We spent many fruitful hours in the museums of Moscow and Leningrad, and our only problem was the delicious one of deciding which items, among so many which are superb, could reasonably be rejected. From the Museum of History in Moscow we received pictures of the famine of 1892, grim and sad. From the Lenin Museum we had thirty or forty items which helped us to cover significant gaps in the early life of Lenin—family photographs, copies of letters, pictures of buildings and rooms associated with him, and so forth. From the Museum of the Revolution in Moscow we received dozens of photographs which covered the rising of 1905, the long series of strikes which took place in the first decade of the century, and of course the events of 1917 itself. The former Bolshevik headquarters in Leningrad is now another 'Museum of the Revolution,' and here too the courteous and helpful staff guided us through the huge catalogue until together we seized some more nuggets of gold.

Our researches did not stop at inanimate objects. We spoke at considerable length to some of the survivors of the period, and two of them were used in the completed film—Michael Lebedev, who suffered as a Siberian prisoner of the Tsar and later was an eye-witness of the tragic shooting at Lena in 1912; and Alexander Belishev, Bolshevik Commissar of the cruiser *Aurora*, and the man who ordered the firing of the famous 'blank' shot which signalled the attack on the Winter Palace. Michael Lebedev, in addition to his personal appearance, let us make use of his private collection of photographs, notably those of the Lena tragedy. We talked to men who had themselves taken part in the storming of the Winter Palace, and to men and women who had worked closely with the Bolshevik leaders inside the Smolny Institute in October and November 1917. We had two long meetings with the magnificent Margareta Fofanova, who hid Lenin in her apartment during the period which immediately preceded the Bolshevik seizure of power. Everything which these splendid people had to tell us was carefully noted and transcribed, and much of it was incorporated in the final commentary of the film.

Whenever possible we told our complicated story entirely in terms of whatever was genuine and true—historic film, old photographs and photostats of documents, and the statements of eye-witnesses. But of course it proved impossible to tell every paragraph and sentence of the story in these terms, and so we relied now and then upon sequences from the classic films of the Soviet cinema, and especially from Eisenstein's *Strike* and *October*, and from Pudovkin's *The End of St. Petersburg*. The only point on which we rigidly insisted was that the sequences concerned should have been shot in the authentic locations, and have been genuine and careful reconstructions. It

was here, of course, that Grigori Alexandrov's presence proved of immense value, for not only had he worked as Eisenstein's assistant on *Strike* but he was himself co-author and co-director with Eisenstein of *October*. The decision to include a lengthy section from the attack on the Winter Palace from *October* (a controversial one, to judge by the British press response to our film) was based upon our knowledge that in 1927 Eisenstein and Alexandrov used precisely the same number of 'troops,' attacking from exactly the same positions round the Palace as was the case in reality in 1917.

Even this was not quite enough: despite the very considerable quantity of historic film and photographs, and despite the existence of several key reconstructions in the works of Eisenstein and Pudovkin, there were still several significant gaps in our visual narrative. Apart from a few stills, for instance, there was nothing of Lenin in Switzerland, and precious little of him in London (though here we were very fortunate to have an excellent statement by Mrs. Zelda Coates). There are no film shots of Rasputin, and only four or five photographs of him. So to cover these sections of our story we shot our own film; in the library in Geneva where Lenin studied in 1905, at his home in Zurich, at the Marx Memorial Library in London where *Iskra* was edited in 1902 and 1903; outside the home of Prince Yusopov in Lenin-grad where Rasputin was both poisoned and shot in December, 1916. We all did our best to combine these various sources, real and imagined, into a film which had a consistent style. It was always our hope that the audience would not be conscious of each shift from one source to another, that the 'still' photographs would be as arresting as the ciné-film, and that the



The co-producers of 'Ten Days that Shook the World': Left, Norman Swallow, of Granada, and Grigori Alexandrov, the Russian film producer-director

(Photo by courtesy of Granada)

reconstructions from feature films would seem to be as true as the old news-reels. As for the words of our commentary—which was written and re-written over and over again—we decided that we would deliberately avoid any expression of opinion. We passed no moral or political judgments about men or causes, hoping that a straightforward narrative of events would suffice. By their actions (or, just as frequently by their failure to act) would our central figures be judged. Thus we showed the social and political conditions of Tsarist Russia, but we did not ourselves provide an assessment of the Tsar. We gave a great deal of time to Kerensky and to the Provisional Government, and it was our hope that the reasons for their failure would emerge from an unbiased narrative of the failure itself. We were particularly restrained in our treatment of Lenin; we described him in tones which were almost monotonous. He was a ‘hero’ only in the sense that he was the leader of the Bolsheviks, and the Bolsheviks were the victors in 1917. We followed his life without comment, using only a series of quotations from his writings and speeches, and a few paragraphs from Krupskaya’s memoirs.

The film was made to a logical timetable. First, we all read as much as we could about our subject. Then we saw as much film and as many photographs as possible—in Britain, in New York, in Paris, in Prague, in Finland, in Stockholm, as well as in Moscow and Leningrad. Then, with all the available material in mind, I myself wrote a very long script—so long that had it been literally translated into a film the ensuing product would have run for many hours. This script was discussed for many long sessions by all of us, as we argued (amicably, I’m happy to report) about which of its sequences could in fairness be either shortened or removed altogether. Then the film was assembled to the revised and reduced script. It was edited in London over a period of eight or nine weeks; then we recorded the music in Moscow.

The original plan had been that Shostakovich would compose the music. But during the winter of 1966/7 he suffered from two heart attacks (from which he now seems to have happily recovered) and his doctors stopped him from taking on any new assignments. He himself recommended to us his friend and former assistant, Revol Bounin, a composer of six symphonies and more than fifty film scores, whose work is well known in his own country, though not yet in the West—though in fact he was represented in the programmes of the Moscow Chamber Orchestra during their last visit here. We consulted Bounin at every stage of our work; he saw the long draft script, for instance, and some of the suggestions he made then were incorporated in the final picture. As soon as our editor in London (David Naden) had completed an over-long ‘rough cut’ of the film, this too was copied and sent to Bounin in Moscow. Eventually the music was recorded in the studios of Mosfilm—where Grigori Alexandrov is the senior executive producer—and played by the eighty-strong orchestra of the Soviet film studios, under its conductor, Emin Khatachurian, nephew of the composer. The entire music recording (and the film contains nearly forty minutes of music) occupied five full days, and it is my own view, which to judge by our correspondence appears to have been shared by most of the television audience, that Bounin’s music was one of the most significant of all the many contributions to the film.

Now it is all over. Our film has been shown in Britain, in the USA, and in nearly a score of other countries. By the time these words are published

it will have been seen in the USSR. Those of us who made it are now scattered. Other projects claim our attention; Alexandrov was recently in Bulgaria, and plans a tour to Mexico and the USA; Michael Darlow has returned to the Soviet Union to produce a film about the siege of Leningrad; I am myself about to leave for the Middle East within a few hours of completing this article. Perhaps, one day, we may all meet together again; perhaps we might even make another film together. Whether we do or not, one thing is certain—that many firm and enduring friendships have been made, and are unlikely to be broken. *Ten Days that Shook the World*, be it good or bad, is at least a permanent proof that Anglo-Soviet co-productions are possible. Indeed those of us who made it are of the opinion that they are not only possible, but even easy.

Let us have more of them. As we ourselves would say, 'Why not?'

Ilya Ehrenburg, Peacemonger, 1891-1967

A MEMOIR BY IVOR MONTAGU

I

It was at Wroclaw in Poland in 1948 that I first met Ehrenburg in his role of peacemonger, though in one way or another he had been pursuing peace all his life. This was the conference of 'intellectuals,' convened on French and Polish initiative, that started the post-war peace movement and was attended by a broader spectrum of participants—right, left and centre—than any other since. Picasso himself was there, presenting some of his new ceramics to shattered Poland, and there were rows and misunderstandings. Fadeyev and Korneichuk found it difficult to 'connect' with the west. Ehrenburg, by contrast, made a speech, passionately denying that European culture and European life, growing and influencing itself as one for centuries, could possibly be divided into East-West compartments. He went on for more than the twenty minutes agreed as maximum, so that the British contingent—the only one there that took rules seriously—tried, despite all their enjoyment of his speech and with Kingsley Martin the loudest, to boo him down for discipline's sake. Ehrenburg waited firm until the hubbub subsided and then blandly assured the chairman that he had carefully practised his speech the night before to ensure that it was within the limits, but had had to overrun because the interpreters kept asking him to slow down.

I had met him before the war, when with Alexei Tolstoy, he had passed through London in transit home from an American trip, and the Soviet Embassy had phoned me seeking a French-speaker to entertain them on their passage. A lunch at Boulestin was a success. Of course I knew him by repute, and the names of many of his books, but of them I had read, I think, only 'The Loves of Jeanne Ney,' drawn to it as 'the novel of the film.' In Spain we never met. I stole and translated two of his articles as pamphlets, the one on the February 1934 fighting in Austria and the one on the fall of France six years later. Of course masses in Britain—literally, and fewer only than in the Soviet Union itself—knew and felt the inspiration of his writings throughout the war years. But though I met him after the war again in Paris—at the conference that founded the 'Partisans of Peace,' and at the first national conference of the Soviet peace defenders in Moscow

the same year, it was not until Warsaw 1950, when I had already become a secretary of what thenceforward functioned as the 'World Council of Peace' that we really struck a spark together. We began a close partnership that from then on lasted more than seventeen years.

II

In this time we met much and often and nearly everywhere over nearly all the continents and in uncounted countries—at private meetings, public meetings, press conferences, preparations, aftermaths, great set speeches before thousands, intimate wrestlings into the night and through to the morning, no one was more indefatigable or more adept at every sort of human contact than he.

He brought many special talents to the service of the peace movement. First and foremost I would count his individual style of approach. The weakness of many spokesmen, particularly in later days, has been a too self-consciously responsible mode of approaching the problems. Speakers have allowed this sense of the importance of our target, of the absent millions for whom they were a voice, to weigh them down into 'officialese', so that one speech echoed another, the whole became a sort of parody of the United Nations in which familiar diplomatic attitudes were exchanged, and from which the hearers heard nothing with which they were not already familiar from the newspapers. Ehrenburg was never like that, his sharp turn of phrase, as acute and searing as in his war-time polemics, always made everything seem new, fresh, provoking to renewed effort. His speeches were the great events of each congress, looked forward to by all.

He coined phrases that struck keynotes for the movement. An early one was 'war is not a calamity of nature, like a tempest or an earthquake. War is man-made and man can prevent it.'

I early noted that a difficulty with speeches translated simultaneously into many languages is that the key phrase, illuminating the idea, often comes across the wires at different times because of the inflexible syntax of the different tongues, and so confuses the applause and minimises the effect. I soon made it my own business to draft the English translation of his speeches specially, so that the sequence and order of thoughts came with exact simultaneity (English and Russian are flexible enough to do this).

Second, I would reckon the value of his knowledge of extra-Soviet affairs. Ehrenburg was far from being the 'cosmopolitan' that his enemies in the USSR in certain periods sometimes labelled him. He was a Russian patriot through and through and his entire creative work derived from this intensive feeling. Outside Russia he was steeped not so much in the world, as in his second, adoptive country France—and I sometimes thought he never realised how insular in some of its aspects French culture can be. But the two so different cultures, so deeply loved and understood, gave him an invaluable measure by which to taste and respect others.

Third, I would assess his role in those endless drafting discussions on the wording of appeals that have to take into account so many prejudices and reservations among those who have like aims but disparate approaches that the search for harmony becomes often the most despairful, soul-and-body-wearying task of all. Ehrenburg would become the conscripted warrior of all these battles—not so much for his literary ability (though this was what we pretended), but because everyone felt in him a penetration that could see the issues and an ingrained respect for each other person's point of view.

It was strange indeed how this man, often so acid in phrase (though invariably polite), so sardonic in manner, so ironic, bitter and devastating toward enemies, created at once an atmosphere of trust simply by respecting other people.

Finally, he had a special talent for press conferences. Perhaps because he was himself so skilful a journalist, he was a tower of strength among the wolf-pack whose duty it so often was to sink their teeth into us in those days of MacCarthyite Cold War. He was a master of the devastating reply that put a stop to efforts at baiting and side-tracking. I remember the persistent questioners at press conferences in London who sought to divert attention from the content of our resolutions favouring improved East-West cultural exchanges—in a firm enough wording in all conscience, with questions on Ehrenburg's own personal attitude to the then obstacles. 'Do you not think everyone who wants to should be able to visit the USSR?' was one question. 'Certainly I do,' came the reply from Ehrenburg. 'Perhaps that's why they don't put me in charge of giving out visas.' There was no more to be said.

III

'Oh, no—I like three things English,' Ehrenburg was reported to have said to the British Ambassador when, during the war, the latter reproached him for having a prejudice against Britain: 'Tweeds, dogs, and formal gardens.' The first are not English, of course. And his own pets, which he adored—has there ever been a man who so loved dogs and yet was not a misanthrope—mostly stemmed from the national minorities in our islands, for he had a collie, a succession of three Scotch terriers and we sent him three Sealyhams. He has written about most of these. The first, who had a sweet nature and was much loved, died of a poison put down near his Moscow flat for rats. The second, Thompson (who is called Fomka in his book 'The Thaw') was a miniature. I remember its friendliness as it sat beside me as I drove it to the airport to send it off. None of us ever conceived the dragon it was to become. First it took to biting all women. His wife, Lyuba, the secretary, the cook. The last remained benign and forgiving. 'Poor creature,' she declared as she was carried off to hospital to have the wound stitched and disinfected: 'how terribly the English must have treated you to make you behave like this.' But then, alas, Thompson abandoned sex discrimination and growled menacingly at men. He took possession of Ilya Grigorich's study in the country and would not let his master touch his own books or even reach his desk. Where an American would have sent for a dog-psychoanalyst, Ehrenburg sent for a trainer and boarded Thompson out. It is characteristic of the man that he would no more have thought of doing away with a nuisance dog than of putting away a poor relative. The animal trainer bought a television set, a refrigerator and a washing machine (and none of these are cheap in the USSR) with the proceeds of Thompson's board before natural mortality overtook his incurable patient. The next Sealyham was nicer and, with the collie, still roams the grounds of Ehrenburg's datcha at the New Jerusalem. (Even the 'formal gardens' part of the quoted quip was an error, as I learned later after painstakingly showing Ehrenburg round several English stately homes. Mistranslation was responsible. What he admired was the herbacious border, precisely because it is informal, a riot of colours through the year, planned but disciplined to no single pattern. He thought this something particularly English, and praiseworthy, and here of course he was right.)

As we worked together, we visited each other. I was more frequently his guest than he mine—for some reason the British Government grew afraid of him in later years, or else subservient to some US-sponsored Nato allergy against all peace characters, but anyway it became increasingly difficult to get him licensed to come and visit us.

His flat in Gorky Street has been often written about, and the walls of its few rooms invisible behind their Marquets and Picassos. I remember a mischievous tale he told of one of the latter, in the famous series of prints of Buffon illustrations, a monstrous toad, the incarnation of all the evil legend attaches to this (as a zoologist I must testify, harmless) animal. At the height of one of the campaigns against formalism, Ehrenburg noticed his visitor, a distinguished Soviet editor, uncomfortably taking surreptitious looks over his shoulder at this repulsive monstrosity on the wall behind him. 'What do you think of it?' inquired Ehrenburg with poker face; 'A caricature against American imperialism.' 'Wonderful,' exclaimed the visitor, now completely reassured. 'Perfect, Ilya Gregorich, its very essence.'

On our first visit, with my wife accompanying me, we were nearly at cross-purposes. The dinner was sublime, Mrs. Ehrenburg—Lyuba—had excelled herself (but then she always does). The variety of the wines, the richness and exoticism of the food was astonishing. We were flattered. But then something came up in conversation and the truth was exposed. Ehrenburg had taken us for gourmets. Apparently hours had been spent on choice and preparation. Not long before our arrival the cook, that same good woman, threw up her hands and nearly struck. 'I cannot do it, Ilya Gregorich,' she had said. 'You will have to take them to a restaurant.' As is known by some, I was for long President of the International Table Tennis Federation. Apparently Ehrenburg had overheard somebody say this in French, and misheard, and thought that it was the 'Fédération des Délices de Table' over which I presided. He confessed he had been a bit puzzled at congresses seeing me breakfast off bread, water and cream cheese.

At the datcha, guarded by potholes through which his heroic chauffeur used to thread his way, Ilya and Lyuba lived surrounded not only by dogs but by every form of vegetable and flower, in the garden, in the greenhouse, in the rooms of the house itself. Unexpectedly, if ever a man had, Ehrenburg had green fingers. A young agronomist and he used to mark the catalogues I sent him and then we would get the seeds sent over—he was meticulous in dividing them, one half for his garden, one half for the research institute. Once Krushchev asked him if the author (I. Ehrenburg) of an article on endives that he had come across in a gardening magazine was any connection of his and, surprised at the answer, grew so characteristically enthusiastic when he sampled them, that there was nearly a mass importation of these from our Suffolk suppliers as a Soviet salad for winter vitamins.

One piece of advice I am ever grateful for. He made us take a winter recuperation holiday in a writers' rest home, saying with truth that foreigners never understood Russia because they came in summer, and that only when you had been in the country in January, and realised what it was like for a people to live with snow fixed on the ground and a set frost temperature unchangeably for months on end—an experience beyond all imagining in England—could you understand half the allusions in Russian literature and the cultural setting of the Russian people.

He taught us equal lessons in England, before the barriers were put up.

He taught us to be what is technically known in political jargon as 'broad' and how, when you sincerely want to work with others, you do not say: 'Here is my peace campaign, come and work in it,' but ask: 'what are you doing for peace? Can we, may we, help it?' He startled everyone when, on his first visit, he was to be taken to meet the executive of the Peace Committee, by asking if there would be many anti-Soviet people there. Surprised, we replied: No, only to be upb. ided and told: 'What is the use of a peace committee with no anti-Soviet people in it? The danger is of a war between the Soviet Union and the West. Pro-Soviet people in the West will in any case be against such a war. To find the right policy helpful to peace you need the participation of people who are against the Soviet Union but not in favour of settling differences by war.' Thus he helped us shed our juvenility. We found time, too, to visit Cruft's and the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Wisley. I should like to take this opportunity to thank these authorities for their courtesy to him.

In all our work together we only had one violent quarrel, and that was in public. I must admit to having been a bit mischievous myself, as well as obstinately sure I was right. He, I am certain, was in deadly earnest. It was a Bureau meeting of the World Peace Council in Vienna. The resolution was of the usually harmless type that advocates the lowering of cultural barriers and exchanges in the realms of literature, art, theatre, cinema and the rest as a means toward international understanding. Some devil seized me and I urged inclusion of the word 'sport' though I knew perfectly well that there was no man more allergic to it. I think I was just tired of the intellectual snobs who usually have too much of their own way at such gatherings. As I stuck to my guns, others gave way, but Ehrenburg, who did not so much despise sport as worship art, could not bear dignifying the former by inclusion with the latter. I dug my heels in and pointed out that, if one of his books was translated into English, only a few thousand would even hear of it, while if a Soviet football team came to England millions would hear of it and if a Soviet horse came, perhaps scores of millions. He was outraged, not in the least on personal grounds, but at the insult to the Muse. Ehrenburg proposed a compromise which I, with inward chuckle, accepted. He would admit 'sport,' if I would accept its downgrading by coupling it with 'tourism'—'sport and tourism.' We were friends again. On my way out I heard an American agency reporter frenziedly telephoning New York about 'a near split in the Communist peace movement.'

IV

Our dear friend is gone. As I look back I think not of the loss of the campaigner. The fight for peace has now moved on, past us, and will continue, the banner picked up by fresh and younger hands. Of those who fought for the idea in those days there are few left. Frédéric Joliot-Curie and many have finished. Bernal's strength is weakened. Gone are the days in which we argued through to dawn, to resume an hour later, freshened by cold water and hot coffee. As I remember the last time I saw Ilya Gregorich Ehrenburg I see a man as alert and combative as ever, with all the events of the universe and the strivings of mankind in his mind and at his fingertips, but already frail.

I think of the giant figure in Soviet Literature. It is the fashion among literary snobs to belittle the achievement of every writer who does not concentrate upon a professional speciality between covers, who spreads himself and mixes with the world.

Their novels are not good enough, none of their books is perfect, they do not count in the set subjects of Eng. or Foreign Lit. University Examinations. In this sort of way critics used to look down their noses at H. G. Wells—who, curiously enough and however different in every other way, had the same sort of consciousness that Ehrenburg had of being first a man, with his duty to participate in affairs as a man, then a writer with the extra duty to use the special skill that meant in communicating with his fellows.

He lived a stormy life through years of tempest for mankind. From his first days as an imprisoned Bolshevik schoolboy, from his second beginnings in Paris as a restless worshipper of art, that life was all of a piece, the pen his weapon and literary creation his means, as a writer in the Russian tradition, of helping—according to the lights he saw—people to find their way through the life the years are bringing. Novels, plays, films, scenarios, essays, polemics, criticism, journalism, all flowed from that fertile pen, that ceaseless energetic conscience.

If he had a sneaking desire for literary recognition I suspect that it was as a poet, a field in which I cannot judge him. I particularly dislike the Russian method of reciting sing-song, which our taste in England rejects as the plague, preferring to accentuate sense and punctuation rather than line, and on my telling him of this one day in a country lane, he made me stop the car to hear him speak some Russian lyric masterpiece. I could see he was disappointed that this had not converted me. He never spoke of his own poetry, which I have found occasionally in anthologies, so I judge his feelings not from any direct remarks but from the admiration, almost awe, with which he spoke of other poets.

He never wavered in consistent devotion to a faith that combined belief in Socialism and his country's path, a pride in the writer's avocation and contribution, in defence of youth and recognition of the manifold nature of the cultural heritage of mankind. He knew no Yiddish and less Hebrew, whatever talent he had he was a Russian writer, but he could declare on the radio on his seventieth birthday: 'So long as there is one anti-semite left in the world, I am a Jew.'

In some of the prints of the West, cold warriors of the cheaper sort, who never forgave him for surviving the years of storm, denounced him even in obituaries for misdeeds for which there is not a shred of evidence, the refuse of professional imaginations. I knew him as we would relax over a glass of wine and smile among friends and colleagues, with the relief of knowledge that we had stretched our utmost for the light. I see him now with scores, hundreds of letters by every post from citizens in his constituency or readers of his latest volume. I saw the thousands walking in tears past his bier, following the carriage through the streets, forcing their way through the cemetery gates to join the ticketed mourners, old people and young, war veterans, mothers who had lost their children, aged Jews, students from college, all to pay last tribute as, in Russian fashion, he was borne for the last time away then in uncovered coffin, the man of principle with sardonic face.

Book Reviews

On Trial. The Case of Sinyavsky (Tertz) and Daniel (Arzhbakh). Editors —Leopold Labedz and Max Hayward. (Collins and Harvill Press, London, 1967. 42s.)

In February 1966, the two writers, Sinyavsky and Daniel were tried in Moscow, charged with infringing Article 70 of the Criminal Code. They were found guilty and at present are serving seven and five years' imprisonment respectively. Their case has become something of a *cause célèbre* and is currently one of the problems in relations between the intelligentsia of the Soviet Union and of other countries.

This book consists of various articles in the Russian press, statements by individuals and organisations in the west and in the USSR, memoirs of friends of the accused, and notes of the trial itself. The notes are the fullest account available of what occurred in court as an official transcript has not yet appeared. Only a few Russian journalists were able to attend as neither western nor eastern European reporters were allowed entry to the court. A Russian version, 'Na Skamyé Podsudimickh', appeared in 1966, published in the USA, and these accounts of the trial are very similar.

Thus the heart of the book is, of necessity, incomplete. However, whether an individual or a group compiled these notes is unknown and the editors point out a number of omissions, and sometimes inaccuracies, which have arisen. The editors also had the difficulty of providing complete references to the quotations from the authors' books. Whenever possible they have given footnotes guiding the reader to the English editions so that quotations can be read in context.

Until a complete transcript appears this version will remain the fullest available in either English or Russian and will have to serve as the basis for judgments on the trial.

On page 33 we are given Article 70 of the Criminal Code: 'Agitation or propaganda carried out with the purpose of subverting or weakening the Soviet Régime or in order to commit particularly dangerous crimes against the State; the dissemination for the said purposes of slanderous inventions defamatory to the Soviet political and social system, as well as the dissemination or proclama-

tion or harbouring for the said purposes of literature of similar content, are punishable by imprisonment for a period of from six months to seven years and with exile from two to five years, or without exile, or by exile from two to five years.'

To readers of the *Anglo-Soviet Journal* it may come as a surprise that such an article exists in the Criminal Code. A closer examination of it shows that it is far from precise in its formulation. Is the crime one of 'propaganda carried out with the purpose of subverting or weakening the Soviet régime?' Or is it propaganda carried out with the purpose of subverting or weakening the Soviet régime or in order to commit particularly dangerous crimes against the State? Or is it both? The precise meaning of 'for the said purposes' would benefit from further clarification. What are 'the said purposes?'

Discussion of legal niceties has no place here, but it is relevant to note that the defence has a difficult task in mounting a legally effective reply to such a charge. The underlying concept is also difficult to define. What is the meaning of 'subverting and weakening the Soviet régime' when the substance of the crime concerns books of satirical fantasy? Are such books 'defamatory to the Soviet political and social system?'

Even if these problems are resolved it must be remembered that all the books mentioned in the trial had been published outside the USSR under pseudonyms and read by relatively few people (at least until the arrest and trial). Certainly, the number of Soviet citizens who had heard of and read these publications was very few.

Another feature which needs clarifying in such a trial is to distinguish between 'the Society' and 'the Government'. The society and its objectives may be accepted and supported by those who are not in complete sympathy with governments past or present. This feature was blurred at the trial but it is at the heart of the dispute, in this trial and in the dispute of some sections of the contemporary Soviet intelligentsia with the publishing and other authorities, e.g., Glavlit.

The defendants insisted that they are loyal citizens but want the right to discuss 'forbidden subjects' and as loyal citizens they felt responsibility for the

society. Daniel in his plea (p. 270) says 'Asked why I had written *Atonement*, I explained: 'Because I think that all the members of a society, each of us individually and all of us collectively, are responsible for what happens.'

This is a noble plea but one wonders why Daniel and Sinyavsky chose the means of satirical fantasy, published abroad, in translation, under pseudonyms to express this individual and collective responsibility. Other Soviet writers have borne their individual responsibility but their works are published under their own names and they have fought with the obscurantists who still occupy many influential positions. Solzhenitsyn has experienced many years in a prison camp, has written and published a magnificent short story and is fighting still to publish other works.

It is difficult to see how Daniel and Sinyavsky contributed in any way to resolving any of the problems of the

writers in Soviet society. It is probable that they hindered the struggle by many writers (more capable as writers than they are) to widen the horizons of publishing in the USSR.

This does not exonerate those in authority who decided to institute proceedings but it does warn us not to make the mistake of regarding the defendants as warriors in defence of freedom of speech.

Throughout the account of the trial there grows the impression that prosecution and defence are on different planes and neither can comprehend the other. Daniel and Sinyavsky claim their works as literature, the prosecution calls them anti-Soviet propaganda. It is useless to argue this point. Even if they are literature they still contain so many references which in a meaningful sense are 'anti-Soviet' that they would be regarded as propaganda.

Like the arms race, the size and weight of the 'pro and con' arguments spiral upwards. On p. 11, Leopold Labedz writes 'The record shows that the trial of Sinyavsky and Daniel was so conducted as to invite comparison with other cases of malevolent prosecution of freedom of thought and expression—the trial of Socrates, the condemnation of Giordano Bruno, the theological arraignments of Galileo, Voltaire's 'l'affaire Calas', and the Tennessee 'monkey trial', to mention a few such *cause célèbres*, which have acquired universal significance!

This is exaggeration to the point where one wonders if such comment is to be taken seriously. Publishing political attacks abroad under pseudonyms is abandoning the struggle for freedom of thought and expression.

This book is depressing reading—particularly for those who wish the peoples of the Soviet Union well after all their sacrifices of the last decades in constructing their country, in smashing the German invasion and in surviving the purges of the thirties and forties. The most encouraging pages are pp. 290-304 where are printed some of the protests and petitions against the trial and the sentences. These pages and some of the actions by writers in 1967 are encouraging signs of the continuing activity of a public opinion fulfilling the role of being individually and collectively responsible for the fate of individuals in their society.

B. POCKNEY.

A Motorist's Guide to the Soviet Union

Victor and Jennifer Louis, Moscow

A complete companion-book for those who plan to visit the Soviet Union by car. The Gazetteer and maps cover in detail all the roads open to foreigners with appropriate information about the towns and cities through which the roads run. There are sections on the Russian alphabet, a special vocabulary for motorists, information regarding hotel accommodation, petrol, car servicing and passports. The authors are both Journalists who write regularly from Moscow for various British and other Western publications.

380 pages. 67s. 6d./\$10.50



PERGAMON PRESS

Headington Hill Hall, Oxford

The Soviet Middle East, A Communist Model for Development, by Alec Nove and J. A. Newth. (Allen & Unwin, 30s.)

The economic experience of the southern Asian republics in the Soviet Union is summed up in the estimate that in 1928 their *per capita* income was somewhat below the present level in India and Pakistan, while in 1960 it was somewhere between that of Italy and Japan.

The most striking feature of this development is the growth of education. In Tzarist times less than 2 per cent of the Central Asian population passed through secondary schools, while today more than 20 per cent do so. This is accompanied by opportunities for higher education, in the language of the Republic as well as Russian, and the careers open to talents irrespective of national origin. The spread of medical services, leading to a sharp fall in death rates is no less dramatic.

Economic development was carried out mainly on the principle of trade rather than aid. The prices set for cotton and other sub-tropical products were favourable and a large part of local investment was financed from the

local surplus. There was, however, considerable aid also, in the sense that the *per capita* contribution of the Asian republics to all-Union revenue was considerably less than that of the European republics, while the major part of their industrial investment was financed from the centre.

The contrast of their experience with that of their neighbours and kinsmen in so-called developing countries such as Turkey or Iran is very marked.

The story is all the more impressive because the authors tell it with some reluctance. Their turn of phrase suggests that they would have rather preferred to find evidence of colonial exploitation, but at the same time they are too honest to pretend that they did.

JOAN ROBINSON.

Chaliapin. An autobiography as told to Maxim Gorky. Translated from the original Russian and edited by Nina Froud and James Hanley (Macdonald, 65s.).

In the annals of opera—and particularly of Russian opera—the name of Feodor Chaliapin stands pre-eminent. Magnificent singer, equally magnificent actor, a giant of a man, a roaring, rum-

CHALIAPIN AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY AS TOLD TO MAXIM GORKY

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bustious extrovert personality, Chaliapin was all of these, and a world name to boot.

There can be few alive today who heard him at the height of his powers; my own experience of him, apart from recordings, was on the concert platform just over 40 years ago when he was, as a singer, already on the wane. But it is obvious what he was, and what he did.

This life story has a curious history. Originally dictated in a short time, and 'written-up' by Gorky, it was largely published in pre-Revolution Russia. Then much later Chaliapin, in search of further royalties, dictated another version published in America, by all accounts badly 'ghosted.' Gorky's own version, so beautifully put together, is now translated, and this volume has a great deal of additional material in notes obtained from the singer's daughter still living in Moscow, and from correspondence still in her hands and in Russian museums; and some fascinating illustrations.

In many ways it is revealing, of Chaliapin the man, of a rough-and-ready young peasant who grew up in conditions of appalling poverty and brutality in Kazan—where Gorky also grew up, only a few streets away—and by dint of personality alone found his way, first to fair-ground theatres, and then into the mystical mazes of nationalistic Russian opera. Always aware of his origins, in some ways a little ashamed of his own behaviour and at all times a man of the people, Chaliapin developed largely on the basis of a natural affinity for theatrical display. But an understanding of musical and dramatic performance such as he had is not, in itself, sufficient for the professionalism that came to him so quickly; and I for one would have liked to know more about the year he spent in Tbilisi under his teacher, Ussatov, of how the young Chaliapin—he began singing roles in touring provincial opera companies at 17—learned his technique and his craft. According to his own account there was a minimum of learning and a maximum of womanising! Gorky wrote down, splendidly, what he gathered from Chaliapin himself, and this is not his fault. But somehow I wish that Gorky had asked Chaliapin some different questions to begin with.

The result is that there emerges a picture of a great character, such as Chaliapin himself might have portrayed on a stage—and did, for the world was

his stage. But there is little to show what made him as an artist and musician; for great artists, unlike Minerva fully-armed from head of Jove, have to be made as well as born.

Nevertheless, the story of this man's life, from childhood until the narrative ends in 1913, is fascinating reading; and a good part of the tale is continued, by means of notes and letters, well in the 1930s. But there must be more to come, for which this book will be the most revealing basis so far published.

EVAN SENIOR.

Industry and Labour in the USSR by G. V. Osipov (Tavistock, London, 1966, 297 pp., 45s.)

This collection of eighteen articles, with an introduction by Maurice Hookham is one of the most important books to be published on the Soviet Union for many years. It is significant in that the studies are based on empirical Soviet investigations of 'industry and labour' in the USSR. Though sociological articles from Soviet publications are now regularly translated into English (for example, the American journal *Soviet Sociology*), the main sources used by English speaking students of Soviet society are the more impressionistic works of journalists and investigations, often based on émigrés' views, financed by the various military or intelligence arms of the United States government. Soviet sources until recently tended to ignore actual social conditions and concentrated on *a priori* rationalisations. It is against the legacy of dogmatism and scholasticism from the Soviet past and from a biased and often hostile 'Soviet sociology' in the capitalist states that the present volume must be reviewed.

The book concentrates on three main aspects of labour: 'those social problems connected with the creation of the material bases of communism . . . problems arising from the development of communist social relations . . . and problems of individual development.' The articles contain much useful information on such topics as labour distribution and occupational composition, the education and vertical mobility of workers, changes in family budgets, the composition of the working classes and the attitudes to work of various groups of workers. The general impression given by the articles is of a society rapidly industrialising, proud of its achievements, and conscious of the

problems of re-education and the re-training of workers associated with the introduction of automation.

The best article is by Zdravomyslov and Yadov of the Leningrad Laboratory of Sociological Studies, on 'Effect of Vocational Distinctions on the Attitudes to Work.' The report is of a survey of 2,665 workers employed in twenty-five Leningrad factories. The methodology makes good use of quantitative data and successfully ranks different kinds of work and attitudes to work. In their conclusions the author says that: 'A key objective in fostering a communist attitude to work is to deploy the labour force as far as possible in conformity with the worker's abilities and inclinations. This depends on the standard of education required for each job because, as our analysis has shown, in a whole number of occupational groups a higher standard of education does not necessarily produce an improved attitude to work. The worker with a wider intellectual horizon naturally seeks a more interesting occupation. In each factory a study must be made of the requirements for each kind of work and of the abilities and inclinations of its workers.' (p. 123).

The studies are not without their faults. Even in the Zdravomyslov and Yadov study, we are not told how the information was collected: were the men separately interviewed by professional interviewers or by voluntary labour or were the questionnaires filled in at home or in the workshop? Obviously, different methods might affect the reliability of the results. Though we are told that the sample was of 2,665 workers, on Table I the totals vary from 2,664 to 2,670 (p. 100). Such trifling errors detract from the general professional competence of the article.

Many of the tables throughout the book need greater clarification. For example, in Shubkin's article, 'Social mobility and Choice of Occupation,' all the figures in the tables are given in percentage form. Though we are told that 289 pupils were questioned (p. 87), we are given no information about the special groups to which the parents belong. Therefore, the comparison of children's aspirations and parents' occupational group (p. 93) may be peculiar to the occupational spread of a relatively small sample: it is a commonplace procedure to define the absolute numbers involved where they are relevant to the conclusions drawn.

The degree to which socialist and liberal societies differ is a fundamental problem and one of the most important aspects of the work included in the book is the possibility of using it for comparative studies. It is to be regretted, therefore, that the writers have not more skilfully and at greater length developed their comparative analyses. It is at these points that the reader 'in the West' will seize on any shortcomings. Zdravomyslov and Yadov, for example, compare their findings (in the space of one page) with three recent American studies and conclude that stability of employment and material motivations are more important in the USA and the USSR. This is a most important result of the study and would have been better made if the authors had taken into consideration other sociological works published in the western world which come to different conclusions about the motivation of the worker. In the same vein, Naumova's conclusions that Soviet workers in comparison with the French like their work more, are less depressed and anxious about it are very important. But the comparison is with the study of only 58 French workers and we are given no data of the comparability of the Soviet sample. Again, while it cannot be argued that educational opportunity is equal to all social strata in capitalist societies, it certainly is not true that in Britain 'the overwhelming majority of the working people have little hope of receiving a full secondary education, let alone higher education' (p. 193). The differences between capitalist states and the complexity and opportunity for social mobility open to working class strata within the bounds of the system should be better understood before adequate comparative analyses are attempted.

In the introduction to the book Maurice Hookham makes some interesting points about the relation of Marxism to sociology: he points out that Bottomore and C. W. Mills have argued that 'Marxist sociology' has disappeared because a 'great deal of Marx has been incorporated in Western sociology' (p. 4), whereas Soviet sociologists claim to be 'Marxist sociologists.' In the essays under consideration, however, though high esteem is given to Marx and a high commitment made to the working classes, as far as the analysis of the 'real process of life' is concerned, there seems little particularly Marxist about it. Indeed, a

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reviewer in *Sociology* (No. 1, 1967) has defined the theoretical approach of the articles as 'naïve functionalism.' Obviously, as Soviet sociology is only just beginning, some priorities must be made as to the problems to be investigated and it is understandable that work of immediate practical utility be done first. However, attention must be focussed on areas of conflict (or potential conflict) in Soviet life. An important problem in a Marxist sociology of industry, touched on in the book, is the problem of ownership and control of economic institutions: it would be interesting to see in what ways a satisfied and dissatisfied worker has different views about 'the idea that he both controls and owns a socialist enterprise' (p. 122); and how in practice Soviet workers, factory directors and supervisory staff are related. The fact that children aspire to 'intelligentsia' occupational positions may indicate not only a demand for higher cultural standards and technical knowledge (Shubkin, p. 98) but that an intellectual occupational position confers a status or way of life and access to power positions different from that of a manual worker or farmer. The growth of the scientific and cultural intelligentsia, described by Semyonov also may be significant in the formation of group solidarity on a professional basis. An analysis of these and similar problems in which conflict may be generated will not only help put Soviet sociology more firmly on the map, it will also revive Marxist thinking from the torpor in which it has languished for so long. The book under review can be regarded as a first step in that direction.

DAVID LANE.

Present-day Russian Psychology. A symposium by Seven Authors. Ed. Neil O'Connor (Pergamon, 1966, 27s. 6d.)

This book is the product of seven bilingual Western psychologists. Its aim is, in the Editor's words, to provide a 'comprehensive and sympathetic but critical account of Soviet psychology.' The first contribution, by J. A. Gray, examines the philosophical roots of Soviet psychology which cause it to differ in its emphases from psychology in the West. Chief here is, of course, the continuing influence of Marxist-Leninism as the philosophical foundation of science in the USSR. Gray then des-

cribes some of the major branches of research which have developed from these roots. This chapter sets the stage of Russian psychology, so to speak, and the next five chapters introduce the characters. These five chapters are concerned with substantive areas of psychology—psychotherapy, cybernetic models, abnormal psychology, psycholinguistics, and the mental development of the child. They demonstrate clearly two major features of contemporary Soviet psychology.

The first of these is its continuing dependence on Marxist-Leninist foundations. Thus P. M. A. Rabbitt shows that when Soviet researchers borrowed cybernetic models from Western psychology they felt impelled to claim that such models were compatible with the materialist, Marxist, basis of Soviet science. The second major feature of Russian psychology today is the continuing presence of the ghost of Pavlov. Most of the writers in this book give a resumé of parts of his work as a preamble to their description of later work. B. H. Kirman shows psychotherapy in the USSR to be based completely on the Pavlovian school to the total exclusion, very strange to Western eyes, of

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Freud. And Brozek, in his survey of psychology as a profession in Russia which rounds off this book, demonstrates the degree to which Pavlovian psychology still dominates the subject, if only numerically.

Russian psychology has much to teach Western psychologists. In areas where it is strong, like comparative psychology, the psychology of sense organs, psycholinguistics and the mental development of the child Western researchers must take account of Russian work. And the influences flow in the opposite direction, too, in the borrowing of cybernetics from the West and in the first uncertain steps of a renaissance social psychology, for so long a conspicuous absentee from the psychological Pantheon, in Russia. In this process of mutual discovery books such as this one have a crucial part to play. This work will be read with profit by specialist psychologists concerned to follow Russian work in their particular fields, but its primary utility is for students and interested laymen concerned to gain a broad overview of current research in Soviet psychology.

IAN CARTER.

Sovetskii Soyuz: Geograficheskoe Opi-ganiye v 22 Tomakh. Izdatelstvo 'Mysl,' Moscow, 1967, 17s. 6d. each

This remarkable series of 22 volumes, edited by a board of distinguished geographers, covers the whole of the USSR and represents a major highlight in modern Soviet publishing and printing. Each of fifteen volumes deals separately with the Union Republics, and is written by one or more geographers who have specialist knowledge of the area described. Seven volumes deal with the major regions of the Russian Federation and the final volume comprises a general survey of the Soviet Union.

The three volumes published in 1967, and available from Collets Russian Bookshop, deal with the Baltic republics. They are durably bound books of approximately 250 pages, printed on art paper, and include 92 monochrome photographs (with some double-page pictures), eight beautiful full-page colour plates and 42 clearly printed maps and diagrams.

These pictures illustrate both the geographical features commonly shown in textbooks and also flora, fauna, national costumes and folk-art, buildings

of historical interest, etc. Maps include plans of collective farms and villages, and distribution of settlement. The statistical appendix covers physical features and climatic data as well as giving up-to-date (1965) figures for agricultural and industrial production. Flora and fauna glossaries are in Russian and Latin, followed by a dictionary of geographical terms and a detailed index. Even with no knowledge of the Russian language the student and general reader would find the maps extremely valuable if used in conjunction with a good British atlas. Knowledge of the Russian alphabet, by enabling the reader to transliterate place names would make the pictures most useful since they give a comprehensive survey of landscape and landforms, vegetation, the appearance of villages and cities, etc.

A Soviet or British publisher could render great service to students and the general public by printing the entire series in English.

JAMES S. GREGORY.

Ironies of History. Essays on contemporary Communism by Isaac Deutscher (Oxford University Press, 1966, 35s.)

Isaac Deutscher was an active member of the Polish Communist Party in the 1920s and was expelled in 1931. Since then he has devoted his energies to the study and writing of biography and history of the main figures and events in the communist movement. In this collection of essays it is useful to have presented from his writings over the last ten years the consistent application of his individual point of view. The essays are a continuation of an earlier volume, *Heretics and Renegades*, published in 1955. They are grouped into four sections. The first, entitled Revisions and Divisions, deals with the problems of the adjustment of attitudes which have occurred in the Soviet Union and in the communist movement in general following the death of Stalin. The second, entitled Twenty Years of Cold War, consists of the notes of his contribution to a teach-in on the War in Viet Nam, delivered in Washington, in May, 1965. The third is a collection of biographical essays on Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin and Rokossovsky. The last section consists of a group of historical and literary essays.

The title of the book is enigmatic.

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Thomas G. Masaryk The Spirit of Russia Volume III

The first two volumes of Thomas G. Masaryk's *The Spirit of Russia* are already established as basic works in Russian intellectual history. This final volume contains the long promised study of Dostoevsky, an analysis of Tolstoy and other chapters on a variety of nineteenth century Russian authors, as well as discussions of many topics of Russian intellectual and cultural history. Masaryk writes as a profound student of Russian history and moral philosopher, and the book is of particular interest to all those who want to understand Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, and admirers of the incisive intellect of the late philosopher-president of Czechoslovakia. **50 -**

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40, MUSEUM STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

It seems to come directly from the review of the second part of Carr's *History of Soviet Russia*, which was devoted to a discussion of Socialism in One Country. He suggests that it is ironical that the passionate debate of the early twenties was thoroughly misguided because socialism has not been achieved in the Soviet Union and the latter has long ceased to be the single and isolated country to which the debate referred.

There is a subtler and pervading overtone of the irony of history throughout the book, and in much of his writing. He argues that at each critical stage in Soviet history an advance has been made by the use of means which introduced new evils in order to remove older ones. Each advance is achieved by means which were characteristic of the previous stage and, although there is a discernible advance, it is necessarily a long and slow process. He challenges the liberal emphasis of Carr's writing that the balance of continuity and change in history always tends to tilt towards continuity. He refers to the Marxist realist view of history, by which he presumably means his own, but pays little attention to the essential Marxist concept of contradiction. The dynamic of the revolution, reinforced by the 'most drastic upheaval' of the collectivisation in 1929-1932, is still growing. There is a strong flavour of dogmatism in this theme. It comes strangely from a writer who, in his very interesting essay on *The Mensheviks*, points out their greatest weakness which arose from an excessive dogmatism.

The quality of the writing is high throughout and this makes the collection compelling reading.

M. HOOKHAM.

Siberia by Pierre Rondiere (Constable, 1966, 35s.)

This is an adaptation of a translation of the original French edition by a French journalist who has travelled extensively in Siberia. He has the cultivated nose of a journalist for the interesting detail and the skill to express it in a captivating manner. The book starts with a penetrating sketch of the story of Siberia from pre-history up to the 16th century when its recorded history begins with expeditions from European Russia. The story of the settlement of Europeans in Siberia is well told and takes up the first third

of the book. The remainder is a travelogue of fascinating detail ranging from the thumbnail sketch of individuals he met to a panorama of the vastness of Siberia. It contains a good account of Novosibirsk (only eight hours by plane from Paris), the Kuzbas, Irkutsk, Baikal, the rivers and hydro-electric stations. M. Rondiere adds his name to the growing list of people over the last hundred years who have been fascinated by Siberia. Writers are tending to go one step further than the Webbs and call it the newest civilisation.

M. HOOKHAM.

The Sleeping Ballerina by Anton Dolin (Frederick Muller, 1966, 30s.)

It is strange that the ballet-lover has had to wait until now for a record of the life and work of that great ballerina, Olga Spessivtzeva. Her exquisite artistry and dancing as *Giselle* meant so much to those performing with her when she graced the Camargo Society's work in helping to establish English ballet after the death of Diaghilev. No one who experienced those performances will ever forget how generously she gave of herself to both audience and cast, so much so that the latter took fire from her glorious example.

Much has happened to English ballet since then but the great ballerina has almost been forgotten, save by those who loved her as well as her art. Perhaps the most faithful of her friends has been Anton Dolin, her Albrecht of that famous season in 1932. He has now restored 'The Sleeping Ballerina' to life and she lives in his words as well as in the world to give again of her knowledge after twenty-two years in a mental home.

Hers is a very tragic story and in other hands could have been made into a sensation. But Dolin writes with loving care and makes one realise what complications and misunderstandings arose through this artiste's inability to communicate her innermost thoughts and feelings. Her language was dance and when her mind became clouded partly by overwork, partly by being taken to a new country and partly by other changes, dance was not enough, and those who might have helped were not near or defeated by officialdom.

Dolin has great love for Olga and writes simply. Occasionally a bitter note creeps in, but when he reaches his final goal to bring Olga into the world

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and drives her to her 'own room' in
the country, all rancour has vanished.
Those who loved Spessivtzeva will
admire the way Dolin has written about
this most difficult and delicate of
dancers. Those who never saw her
dance, may learn something of her
great magic.

JOAN LAWSON.

Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union

by James Kerr (W. & R. Chambers,
London and Edinburgh, 1967, 15s. or
17s. 6d. for teachers' edition). 200 pp.
coloured end-plates (maps), 119
photographs (67 of the USSR) and
43 maps (36 relating to the USSR)

Based mainly on pictures, closely in-
tegrated with both maps and text, this
book is in effect a series of small
realistic sample studies rather than a
sterile recitation of factual information;
yet the author succeeds in covering
sufficient ground for GCE O-level
examinations and provides a sound
basis for further study to A-level.
Pupil activity is encouraged by the
comprehensive series of assignments at
the end of each chapter.

In the Teachers' Edition, notes on
each chapter, together with an economic
summary, provide the teacher with a
wide range of up-to-date background
information. Unfortunately this includes
a few rather sweeping and uncritical
assertions. The description of Gomulka
as Poland's 'party boss' is more appro-
priate in a newspaper than a textbook.
Reference to Poland's strategic position
on the Soviet Union's vulnerable
western frontier would be of more
geographical significance than the
statement that Poland can follow her
own road to socialism so long as she
supports 'The Soviet Union's foreign
policy.' One wonders why descriptions
of Soviet-Eastern Europe relations so
often seem to imply some sort of evil
self-interest, while NATO-type alli-
ances are almost altruistic! One might
also question the statement that Stalin
added *nothing* to Marxism-Leninism.

Still, it is refreshing to find a school
text-book that at least makes an honest
attempt to acquaint pupils with the
major aspects of Soviet political and
economic theory, organisation and de-
velopment.

The geography of the Soviet Union
is studied by division into natural
zones, within each of which there is
adequate description of the major

economic regions; but the excellent introductory section dealing with physical features, climate, etc., is marred by an outline of historical development that suggests ignorance of modern Soviet archaeology and thus perpetuates the myth that Russian culture and civilisation suddenly came into being with the appearance of a Scandinavian prince in the 9th century.

The remarkable early phase of expansion through the northern forests of Siberia, before the defeat of the Mongol-Tatars allowed the easier steppe route to be used, is also neglected. On the other hand there is a well-balanced account of political and economic development both before and after the October Revolution.

The regional geography relates up-to-date information to the natural environment by the stimulating method of asking questions about carefully selected photographs. The facts are summarised in very clear sketch-maps, while the production of sketch-map summaries and interpretation of photographs constitute important assignments for the pupils at the end of each chapter.

This book encourages the use of modern teaching methods, stimulates interest and pupil-activity that leads to an understanding of the relationship between environment and human activity. It can be highly recommended for use in secondary schools and teacher-training institutions as well as an informative and pleasing book for the general reader.

JAMES S. GREGORY.

The Impact of the Russian Revolution in Britain by R. Page Arnot (Lawrence & Wishart, 1967, 45s.)

This extremely valuable and fascinating book appears at appropriately a time when the fiftieth anniversary of the October Revolution and the founding of the Soviet Union has evoked new interest, response, and comment in every country of the world. It will be indispensable reading for all who are seriously interested in the history of our times, and especially for those who have recognised the importance of strengthening cultural exchanges and friendship between the British and Soviet peoples as an essential contribution to the peace and progress of mankind.

The author gives a detailed and thoroughly documented account of the

reactions of all sections of British opinion to the different phases of the Russian Revolution, beginning with the abdication of the Tsar, and the events of the February Revolution, the subsequent changes in the balance of class forces in Russia leading to the October Revolution, the establishment of the Soviet Government, the period of intervention, and concluding when the final defeat of intervention, in 1920, made clear, even to its bitterest enemies, that the new Soviet State had come to stay. He clearly traces the course of events in Russia throughout this period and examines in detail how the knowledge of these events reached Britain (including an account of how the true facts were withheld or distorted or replaced by plain lies), and what were the results in influencing the opinions and activity of decisive sections of the British people. It is a cautionary and yet encouraging story amply demonstrating the power of the ordinary people to influence international relations in the interests of peace and humanity when they combine together for action in a common cause.

The style of this book is admirably clear and concise, conveying all the excitement and vividness, the sense of drama and history, of these tremendous events, yet at the same time it is a work of very great erudition and research, providing access to a wealth of historical material of vital importance to both serious student and ordinary reader. Particularly valuable are the extended quotations from British Cabinet minutes, from official diplomatic documents, and from documents of the international labour movement, which are given in the appendices.

All who wish to promote Anglo-Soviet understanding will learn a great deal from this brilliant book.

A. G. MORTON.

The Pen'kovo Affair by Sergey Antonov (Pergamon Press, 1967, 21s. or 30s.)

This is not an easy book to read in the original, but it repays some effort because it is such a refreshing and humorous glimpse of life on a somewhat backward collective farm. It opens almost as a parody of Gogol's sketches of Ukrainian life, including lyrical descriptions of the countryside. The chief characters are the local 'enfant terrible,' Matvey; the young girl, Tonya,

fresh from technical college; and the farm chairman, neither heroic nor villainously bureaucratic, struggling to do his limited best in face of pressures from above and resistance from below—from men like Tonya's grandfather, a lazy old rogue, who maintains that tractors ruin the soil. The set-up may not sound new or original, but the unvarnished realism and the kindly all-pervading personality of the writer make you feel that you are living with his characters. He has a keen satirical eye for detail and for poking fun; the pathetic figure of a young man come to lecture on 'Dreams,' the comic taping of an interview with a star worker by high-pressure journalists. The introduction and notes by the late A. Dressler are scholarly and a most helpful guide to agricultural economics. The vocabulary lists only the more unusual words and the text is unstressed.

C. E. SIMMONDS.

A Walk in Rural Russia by V. Soloukhin (translated by Stella Miskin), (Hodder and Stoughton, 1966, 254 pp., 35s.)

Soloukhin is an interesting writer in several ways and this translation of *Vladimirskie proselki* is a very welcome addition to the works of Soviet authors available in English. This book is interesting because it gives us something of the feel of the Russian central European countryside; but it is much more than a pleasant prose account of the country itself. Soloukhin writes not merely about the attractions of nature, but also tells us a good deal about life in the villages and this is something quite hard to find in Russian. In fact, it is often easier to find detailed material on life in the countryside of the Baltic republics or Central Asia

than of central European Russia. Thus, this book can be read with pleasure by those who love the countryside and also by those with an interest in the history, sociology and economy of Russia.

This version of Soloukhin's work is, on the whole, satisfactory. It was a good idea to add two maps for English readers. The translation does not generally obtrude itself, though in some places Russianisms occur. A passage on p. 192, obscure unless the reader knows Russian, is not explained. There are a few mistranslations (e.g. flails, instead of dollies, on p. 11). A prefatory note states that the value of the pre-reform rouble was 'very much less than its present value'; it would have been better to state the precise relationship. These are small points. More serious, perhaps, is the fact that this is an incomplete translation, though this is not mentioned. The verse of the original is omitted and so are a number of associated passages (e.g. pp. 176, 208, 210). Nevertheless, Soloukhin's book is of sufficient interest to survive such maltreatment and remains readable and pleasing as well as informative.

R. E. F. SMITH.

Methods of Teaching Russian by Ludmilla B. Turkevich (Van Nostrand, 216 pp., 54s.)

This book consists of 12 essays by 10 teachers of Russian in American colleges or Universities. The discussion is detailed and at a high level, and contains much of practical and theoretical interest to teachers. One cannot escape the thought that most experienced teachers would find some of the advice to be labouring the obvious, but certainly there is much of interest and a high standard of teaching is aimed at.

A. G. MORTON.

Ballet Tours

Ballet Specialists' Tour

Joan Lawson and the SCR are arranging a special visit to Moscow and Leningrad for ballet teachers, specialists and grant-aided students next April. The group will be visiting the Moscow Choreographic Academic School and the Vaganova School in Leningrad during classes. Six theatre tickets are included in the provisional cost which is £120 inclusive. Travel is by scheduled air services. The tour comprises five full days each in Moscow and in Leningrad, departing from London on April 1, arriving back on April 13. The above arrangements are provisional. For further details please contact the Secretary, SCR, 118 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.



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As last year's tour was such a success Mr. Tuckett will be taking another group this year which includes ten theatre tickets and special excursions. The inclusive cost (direct flights to and from Leningrad) is £134 (V form amount £45). Accommodation will be in twin-bedded rooms of tourist class hotels.

Further particulars can be obtained from Mr. L. Tuckett, 31, Selborne Road, Sidcup, Kent.

Soviet Literary Magazines available on Subscription

There is a profusion of literary journals in the U.S.S.R. *Novyi Mir* and *Oktyabr* are in the news most often as their editors publish many controversial writings. But others are no less interesting—some offer a platform to talented new writers, some publish novels in continuation, some are directed to young people, others include translations—all reflect the lively Soviet literary scene.

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